WORKS

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AlexanderPopeEfq.

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TOUR STREET, CARRENT, CARRIED V. COLDS.

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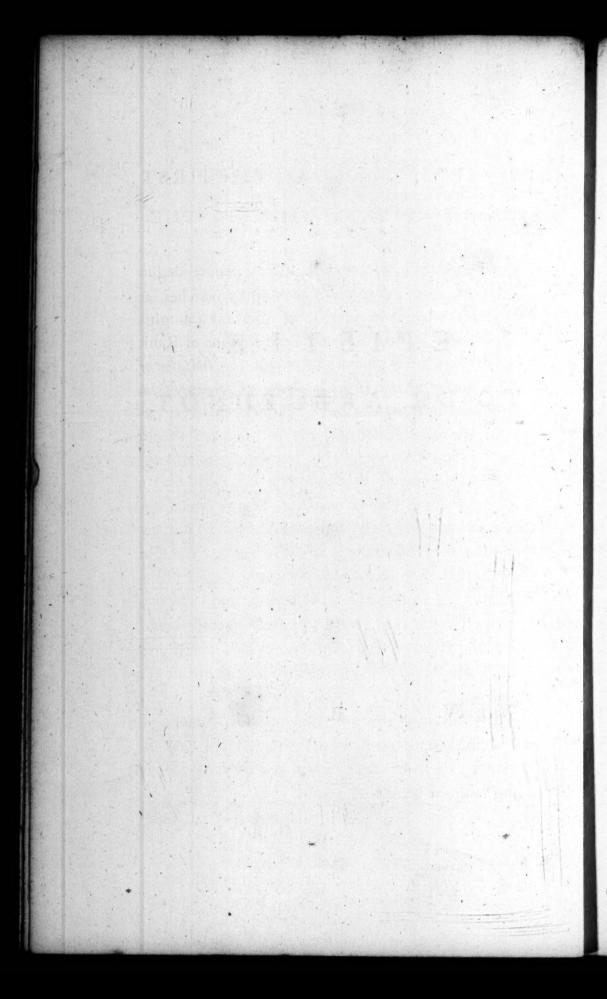
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EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Vol. IV.

B



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

This paper is a fort of bill of complaint, begun many years fince, and drawn up by fnatches, as the feveral occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court | to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Publicis judge) but my Person, Morals, and Family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requifite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so aukward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least forry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

B 2

I would

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness. P.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for Himfelf and his Writings.

Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.] AT the time of publishing this Epistle, the Poet's patience was exhausted by the endless impertinence of Poetasters of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation. So that now he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a Dunciad. This design he communicated to his excellent friend Dr. Arbuthnot; who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's friend and physician, he was solicitous of his ease and health; and therefore unwilling he should provoke so large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occasion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for

his moral and poetic Character.

For after having told his case, and humorously applied to his Physician in the manner one would ask for a receipt to kill Vermin, he straight goes on, in the common character of askers of advice, to tell his Doctor, that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But using a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets) with a simile, in which the names of Kings, Queens, and Ministers of State happen to be mentioned, his Friend takes the alarm, and begs him to sorbear; advises him to stick to his subject, and to be easy under so common a calamity.

To make so light of his disaster provokes the Poet: he breaks the thread of his discourse, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells

him the application of his fimile, at once,

"Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass," etc.

B 3

But recollecting the humanity and tenderness of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little shocked at the apparent severity of such a proceeding, he assures him, that his good-nature is alarmed without cause; for that nothing has less feeling than this sort of offenders; which he illustrates in the Examples of a damn'd Poet, a detected Slanderer, a Table-Parasite, a Church-Buffoon, and a Party-Writer (from Ver. 1 to 101.)

But in this enumeration, coming again to Names, his Friend once more stops him; and bids him consider what hostilities this general attack would set on soot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, considering the strong antipathy of bad to good, enemies they will always be, either open or secret: and it admits of no question, but a Slanderer is less burtful than a Flatterer. For, says he (in a pleasant Simile addressed to his Friend's profession)

" Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,

" It is the flaver kills, and not the bite."

And how abject and excessive the flattery of these creatures was, he shews, by observing, that they praised him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient shape (Ver. 100 to 125.)

But still it might be said, that if he could bear this evil annexed to Authorship no better, he should not have written at all. To this he answers, by lamenting the natural bent of his disposition; which from his very birth, had drawn him towards Poetry so strongly, as if it were in execution of some secret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he offended in nothing else: For his early verses were perfectly innocent and harmless,

"Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme, A painted mistress, or a purling stream."

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of distinction. But it was his peculiar ill-fortune to create a Jealousy in One; whom, not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a similitude of genius and studies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and support: On the contrary, that otherwise amiable person, being, by nature, timorous and suspicious; by education, a party-man; and, by circumstances of fortune, beset with slatterers and pick-thanks; regarded

And

our Author as his Rival, fet up by a contrary Faction, with views destructive of public liberty, and that Person's reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies, in the description he gives of it) yet he never, even when most in fashion, set up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongst the Wits; but still kept retired in his usual privacy; leaving the whole Castalian state, as he calls it, to a Mock-Mecenas, whom he next describes (Ver. 124 to 261.)

And, struck with the sense of that dignity and ease which support the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty inseparable from it. And to shew how well he deserves it, and how safely he might be trusted with it, he concludes his wish with a description of his temper and disposition (Ver. 260 to 271.)

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they consider him in no other view than that of an Author; as if he had neither the same right to the enjoyments of life, the same concern for his highest interests, or the same dispositions of benevolence, with other people.

Besides, he now admonishes them, in his turn, that they do not consider to what they expose him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the suspicions and the displeasure of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at least to the foolish criticisms of court sycophants, who pretend to find him, by his style, in the immoral libels of every idle scribler: though he, in the mean time, be so far from countenancing such worthless trash in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own best vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth and Innocence.

- "Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my soe;
- "Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
 "Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear."

Sentiments, which no effort of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expressed in strains so exquisitely sublime. That the sole object of his resentment was vice and baseness: In the detection of which, he artfully takes occasion to speak of that by which he himself had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of One who had wantonly outraged him, and in the most sensible manner (Ver 270 to 334.)

B 4

And here mov'd again with fresh indignation at his standards, he takes the advice of Horace, sume superbiam quaesitam meritis, and draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not fame, but VIRTUE was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all (Ver. 333 to 360.)

"The whisper, that to greatness still too near, Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's ear.

"Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
"For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last."

But here again his Friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm; and desires him to clear up one objection made to his Conduct at Court. "That it was inhumane to insult "the Poor, and ill-breeding to affront the Great." To which he replies, That indeed in his pursuit of Vice, he rarely considered how Knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing-Room (Ver. 359 to 368.)

But least this should give his Reader the idea of a savage intractable virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slenderest appearances; a pretence to virtue in a witty woman: so forgiving, that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a personal enemy: so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of bad poets: and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment under the most shocking of all provocations, abuses on his Father and Mother (Ver. 367 to 388.)

This naturally leads him to give a fhort account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions; which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his Friend; intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial Piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist.

"Me, let the tender office long engage
"To rock the Cradle of repoing Age;

"With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,

" Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;

"Explore the thought, explain the asking eye, "And keep a while one Parent from the sky!"

And

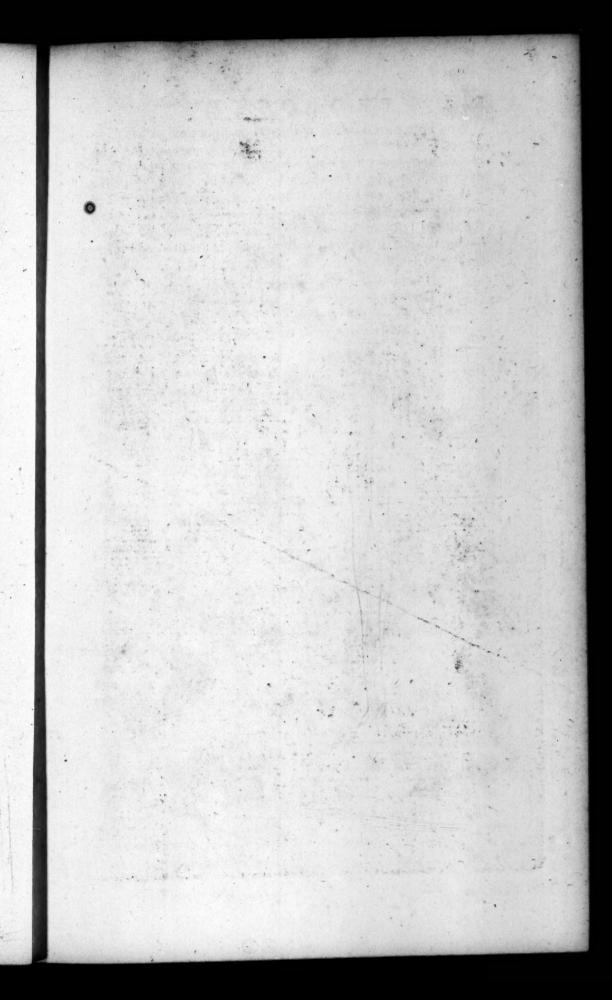


Plate XVI

Vol. IV. facing p.9



Shut, shut the Door, good John fatigud I said Tye up the Hnocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

And now this incomparable Poem, which holds so much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occation, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [Ver. 387 to the End.]

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,

was allowed the among room

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What

NOTES.

VER. r. Shut, shut the door, good John!] John Searl, h's old and faithful fervant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?

They pierce my Thickets, through my Grot they glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is facred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,

Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson much be-mus'd in beer, 15

A maudlin Poetes, a rhyming Peer,

A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a Stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls

With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?

All

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free, With all their brandish'd reams they run to me: Is there a 'Prentice, having seen two plays, Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise—

NOTES.

VER. 12. Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me: The beauty of this line arises from the figurative terms of the predicate alluding to the subject. A secret, an elegant expression, which our Author often practised.

VER. 13. Mint] A place to which infolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of

their creditors.

All fly to Twit'NAM, and in humble strain 21
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
25
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong, The world had wanted many an idle fong)
What Drop or Nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped, 31
If soes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;

And

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. in the first Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse? Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

NOTES.

VER. 23. Arthur,] Arthur Moore, Esq;

VER. 33. Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,] Alluding to the frene in the Plain-Dealer, where Oldfox gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his well-penn'd flanzas.

VER. 38. honest anguish,] i. e. real pity for mistaken talents. Ibid. an aching head;] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with.

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nineyears."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane, Lull'd by foft Zephyrs through the broken pane, Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends, Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends: 44

"The piece, you think is incorrect? why take it,

"I'm all fubmission, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,

"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50
Pitholeon libell'd me—" but here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better-

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."

Blefs

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline, To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

NOTES.

VER. 49. Pitholeon] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol in Horat. 1. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Caesar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

ALLUSION.

VER. 43. Rhymes ere he wakes,]

" -Dictates to me flumb'ring, or inspires

" Easy my unpremeditated Verse."

Milton .

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues, 55
"A Virgin Tragedy an Orphan Muse"

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll
"print it,

"And shame the Fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks." Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis fung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
(Midas, a facred person and a King)
70
His

VARIATIONS.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 69. 'Tis fung, when Midas', etc.] The Poet means, fung by Persius; and the words alluded to are,

" Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle! "Auriculas Afini Mida Rex habet."

The transition is fine, but obscure: for he has here imitated the manner of that mysterious Writer, as well as taken up his image.

His very Minister who spy'd them first,
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick, 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick? Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass, That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?) The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a sool.

84
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who

NOTES.

image. Our Author had been hitherto complaining of the folly and importunity of indigent Scriblers; he now infinuates that he suffered as much of both, from Poetasters of quality.

VER. 72. Queen] The flory is told, by some, of his Barber, but by Chaucer, of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables. P.

VER. 80. That secret to each fool, that he's an As: i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

ALLUSION.

VER. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis, "Impavidum ferient ruinae." Hor. P.

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro', He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90 Destroy his fib, or fophistry, in vain, The creature's at his dirty work again, Thron'd in the centre of his thin defigns, Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines! Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, Loft the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer? And has not Colley still his lord, and whore? His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore? Does not one table Bayius still admit? Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100 Still Sappho-A. Hold! for God-fake-you'll offend.

No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend: I too could write, and I am twice as tall; But foes like these-P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.

NOTES.

VER. 92. The Creature's at his dirty work again,] This direct metamorphosis, as it were, of the Scribler into a Spider, is much more poetical than a comparison would have been. But Poets should be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeness is not very striking, instead of giving force, they become obscure. Here everything concurs to make them run into one another. They both fpin; not from the head [reafon] but from the guts [passions and prejudices] and such athread that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themselves.

VER. 98. free-masons Moore? He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.

VER. 103. I too could write, etc.] Mr. Pope used to say, that of all the men he ever met with, Dr. Arbuthnot had the most prolific wit; and that here, Swift only held the fecond place. Nothing Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic profe,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,

And more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court: I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short; 116

Ammon's

VARIATIONS.

VER. III. in the MS.

For fong, for filence some expect a bribe; And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe." Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave; Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

Nothing occurred of any consequence, but the Dostor wrote a pleasant Essay upon it. A large folio paper-book, which used to lye in his parlour, was employed for this purpose. Of which, however, he was so negligent, that while he was writing at one end, he would fuffer his children to tear out what he had written at the other, for their paper-kites. The thing in which he was most serious, was the cause of Religion. In a letter to Dr. Swift in 1732, he has these words-" But, " thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest " persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of Liberty, Virtue, and Religion: for the last, I have the satis-" faction of fuffering some of the ignominy that belonged to " the first professors. This has been my lot, from a steady " resolution I have taken, of giving these ignorant fellows " battle upon all occasions."

Ammon's great fon one shoulder had too high, Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye."—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see, All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 122
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
" Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what fin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?

126
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lifp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl* admire, Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire †:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother ||, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl fet up his head for a fign. + His Father was crooked.

His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

NOTES.

VER. 118. Sir! you have an Eye.] It is remarkable, that amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his eye, which was fine, sharp, and plercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

VER. 127. As yet a child, etc.] He used to say, that he began to write verses further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's Homer sell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' Ovid; and the raptures these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at school at Hyde park-corner, where he was much nevol. IV.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wise;
To help me through this long disease, my Life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

A. But why then publish? P. Granville the polite,

And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write; Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise, And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays; The

NOTES.

glected, and suffered to go to the comedy with the greater boys, he turned the transactions of the Iliad into a play, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the Master's Gardener to represent Ajax, and contrived to have all the Actors dreffed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with his father into the Forest: and then got first acquainted with the Writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first fight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic poem; the same which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in those early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the legend of St. Genevieve. They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, Cum canerem reges et praelia, etc.

VER. 130. no father disobey'd.] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his Father, though no Poet, would set him to make English werses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read, Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before) With open arms receiv'd one Poet more. Happy my studies, when by these approv'd! Happier their author, when by these belov'd! From these the world will judge of men and books,

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence While pure Description held the place of Sense?

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks. 146

Like

NOTE'S.

often fend the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would fay, These are good rhymes.

VER. 139. Talbot, etc.] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled, Dryden's Satyr to bis Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on which he passes a fort of Censure in the lines following,

"While pure Description held the place of Sense," etc. P. VER. 146. Burnets, etc.] Authors of secret and scandalous History. P.

Ibid. Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.] By no means Authors of the same class; though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.

VER. 148. While pure Description held the place of Sense?]

Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a Dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in surious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

156

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kis'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:

Each

NOTES.

He uses pure equivocally, to fignify either chaste or empty; and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of descriptive poetry, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in description, is like childrens delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which when frugally managed, and artfully disposed; might be made to unfold and illustrate the noblest objects in nature.

VER. 150. A painted meadow, or a purling stream,] is a verse of Mr. Addison. P.

Ibid. A painted mistress, or a purling stream.] Meaning the Rape of the Lock, and Windsor-Forest.

VER. 163. these ribalds,] How deservedly this title is given

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,

Each Word-catcher that lives on fyllables,

Ev'n

NOTES.

to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be feen by a short account

of the manners of the modern Scheliasts.

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West; and its tail, verbal criticism, was, of course, to rise with it; the madness of Critics soon became so offensive, that the grave stupidity of the Monks might appear the more tolerable evil. 7. Argyropylus, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the facking of Constantinople by the Turks, used to maintain that Cicero understood neither Philosophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, J. Lascaris by name, threatened to demonstrate that Virgil was no Poet. Countenanced by fuch great examples. a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that Aristotle did not understand Greek, nor Titus Livius, Latin. It has been fince discovered that Josephus was ignorant of Hebrew; and Erasmus so pitiful a linguist, that, Burman assures us, were he now alive, he would not deferve to be put at the head of a country school: And even fince it has been found out that Pope had no invention, and is only a Poet by courtefy. For though time has stripp'd the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier RIBALDS raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West: insomuch, that Hermolaus Barbarus, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ENTEAEXEIA. Another, whom Balzac speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to fay, that the meaning of such or such a verse, in Persus, no one knew but God and himself. While the celebrated Pomponius Laetus, in excess of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan; raised altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman Baxter, in every thing, but in the costliness of his facrifices.

C 3

Ev'n fuch small Critics some regard may claim, Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.

Pretty!

NOTES.

But if the Greeks cried down Cicero, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal Bembo used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of Epistolaccias, great overgrown Epistles. But Erasmus cured their frenzy by that master-piece of good sense, his Ciceronianus. For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder Scaliger insulted him with all the brutal sury peculiar to his

family and profession.

His fon Joseph and Salmasius had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raifed modern learning to a rivalship with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another? The choicest of 70-Seph's flowers of speech were Stercus Diaboli, and Lutum Stercore maceratum. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to Thuanus, speaking of two of them, Clavius and Lipsius, he calls the first a monster of ignorance; and the other, a flave to the fesuits, and an Idiot. But so great was his love of sacred amity at the same time, that he says, I still keep up my correstondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiotry, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships - Te ne reste de luy escrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié. The character he gives of his own Chronology, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: Vous vous pouvez offurer que nôtre Eusebe sera un tréser des merveilles de la doctrine Chronologique. But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his bookseller of his own person. This bookseller was preparing something of Julius Scaliger's for the Press; and desired the Author would give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be fet before the book. Julius's answer (as it stands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the feveral graces of Massinissa, Xenophon, and Plato,

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms 169
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The

NOTES.

he might then be enabled to give the public some saint and impersect resemblance of his Person. Nor was Salmassus's judgment of his own parts less savourable to himself; as Mr. Colomies tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, Mess. Gaulman and Manssac, in the Royal Library at Paris, Gaulman, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed, they three could make head against all the Learned in Europe: To which the great Salmassus siercely replied, "Do you and M. Maussac join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Vossius tells us, that when Laur. Valla had snarled at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as Aristotle, Cicero, and one whom I should have thought this Critic the likeliest to reverence, the redoubtable Priscian, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against Christ himself. But Codrus Urcaeus went further, and actually used those arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out-" Quodnam ego tan-" tum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam " laesi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quae tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum " ad ultimum vitae finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te " oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum In-" fernis Diis in aeternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, fays my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair.

VER. 164. flashing Bentley] This great man, with all his faults, deserved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amis, "Habuit" à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte lima"verat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et sol"lers: sed saepe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
175
But each man's fecret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?

The

NOTES.

VER. 169. Pretty! in amber to observe the forms, etc.] Our Poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his Shakespear. Nor has his Friend been less entertained fince the appearance of his edition of the same poet: the liquid Amber of whose Wit has lately licked up, and enrolled such a quantity of these Insects, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled Reaumur to Two or three of them it may not be amiss to give names to. preserve and keep alive: such as the Rev. Dr. Zachary Grey; Thomas Edwards, Esq; and, to make up the Triumvirate, their learned Coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER .- As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired; for the most detestable things in nature, as a toad or a beetle, become pleasing, when well represented in a work of Art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought: for though a scribler exists by being thus incorporated, yet he exists enless happy. He flicks in the surface; has stuck there, these twenty years, and will now flick for ever .- Sedet, aeternumque fedebit, infelix Thefeus; fo that, instead of being imbaimed, he is gibetted; a lasting example of the wrath of the Muses!

VER. 173. Were others angry :] The Poets.

VER: 174.—I gave them but their due.] Our Author always found those, he commended, less sensible than those he reproved. The reason is plain. He gave the latter but their due; and the other thought, they had no more.

The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines
a year;

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on thest,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing lest: 184
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whose sustain's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a Tate. 190
How did they sume, and stamp, and roar, and
chase!

And fwear, not ADDISON himself was fafe.

Peace

NOTES.

VER. 180.—a Persian tale] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the Persian tales. P.

VER. 186. Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:] An accident frequent, and common both to Poets and Critics of a certain order; only with this difference, that the Poet writes himself out of his own meaning, and the Critic never gets into another man's. Yet both keep going on, and blundering round about their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

VER. 189. All these, my modest Satire bade translate,] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by several hands. P.

VER. 190. —nine fuch Poets, etc.] Alluding, not to the nine Muses, but to nine Taylors.

VER. 192. And swear, not Addison bimself was safe.]
This

Peace to all fuch! but were there One whose fires

True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;

Bleft

NOTES.

This is an artful preparative for the following transition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the severity of the fatire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

VER. 193. but were there One whefe fires, etc. Our Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and a constant intercourse of good Offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation; warned his friend against a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own (see note on Ver. 215.

Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when Dennis so brutally attacked the Tragedy of Cate, he wrote the piece called A narrative

of bis madness.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's falle delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (fee his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had affisted in writing the Examiners; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his difgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, fi. ft to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. The Rape of the Lock had been written in a very hafty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the Rosicrucian System. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement.

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View

NOTES.

On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, merum fal. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the fame quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. And Sir R. Steele, in the ninth Edition of the Drummer (which Tickell had omitted to infert amongst Addison's Works) in a long epistle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addison, and not Tickell, was the translator of the first book of the Iliad, to which, the latter had set his name. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new Version in a seyere critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own works so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to fuch a degree, that he had underhand encouraged Gildon to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes, And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200 Damn with faint praise, affent with civil leer, And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer; Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike

NOTES.

Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face: and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world; and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed; which was the CHARACTER, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

It appears, from a collection of Swist's Letters lately published, that Mr. Addison, when party was at its height, used Swist much better than he had used Pope, on that account, tho' he had been more roughly treated by Swist than Pope's nature would suffer him to treat any one. But the reason is plain. Swist was Addison's rival only in politics: Pope was his rival in poetry; an opposition less tolerable, as more personal. However Addison's social talents, in the entertainment and enjoyment of his intimate friends, charmed both Pope and Swist alike; as a quality far superior to any thing that was to be found in any other man.

Ibid. but were there One whose fires, etc.] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he says, "Since you now know where your Strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satisfic poetry to its persection.

TO THE SATIRES.

27

Alike referv'd to blame, or to commend,

205

A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,

And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,

And fit attentive to his own applause;

210

While Wits and Templars ev'ry fentence raife,

And wonder with a foolish face of praise-

Who

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest, Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

NOTES.

VER. 208. And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;] He was one of those obliging persons who are the humble Servants of all Mankind. Mr. Pope therefore did wisely; he soon returned his share in him, to the common stock. An agreeable French writer of the sair sex describes this sort of Character well—"Rempli de ces desauts qui aident à plaire, et empêchent de servir."

VER. 212. And wonder with a foolish face of praise] When men, out of flattery, extol what they are conscious they do not understand, as is sometimes the case even of men of education, the fear of praising in the wrong place is likely enough to give a foolish turn to the air of an embarrassed countenance,

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be? Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

What the 'my Name stood rubric on the walls, Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load, On wings of winds came slying all abroad? I sought no homage from the race that write; I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their sight: 220 Poems

NOTES.

VER. 213. Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?] While such a Character is unapplied, all the various parts of it will be considered together; and if the assemblage of them be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleasantry.

VER. 214. Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?] But when we come to know it belongs to Atticus, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem; then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions will get the better of our new; or, at least, suffer themselves to be no surther impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see resuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the Dunciad. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. claps, in capitals?] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack-Bookfellers being usually pasted together on the same posts.

VER. 218. On wings of winds came flying all abroad? Hop-kins, in the civth Pfalm. P.

Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd fo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day fong.

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To setch and carry sing-song up and down; 226
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of sops, and poetry, and prate,
To Buso left the whole Castalian state.
230

Proud as *Epo'llo* on his forked hill,

Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;

Fed with foft Dedication all day long, *Horace* and he went hand in hand in fong.

His Library (where bufts of Poets dead 235

And a true *Pindar* flood without a head)

Receiv'd of wits an undiffinguish'd race,

Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod, And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 236. — a true Pindar flood without a head] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless Trunks and Terms of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, etc. Vide Fulv. Ursin. etc. P.

Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat;
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with
praise,

To some a dry rehearfal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the Great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!

May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still! 250
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd

NOTES.

VER. 248. —help'd to bury] Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality. P.

VER. 251. So when a Statesman, etc.] Notwithstanding this ridicule on the public necessities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confess that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their private distresses generally may. For (when uninfected by the neighbourhood of Party) he speaks of those necessities much more dispassionately.

Our Ministers like Gladiators live,

Tis half their business blows to ward, or give;
The good their Virtue would effect, or Sense,

" Dies between Exigents and Self-defence," MS.

Bless'dbe the Great, for those they take away, 255 And those they left me; for they left me GAY; Left me to see neglected Genius bloom, Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb: Of all thy blameless life the sole return MyVerse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too! 261
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I
please:

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead. 270
Why

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still: Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will. The World I knew, but made it not my School *, And in a course of flatt'ry llv'd no fool.

By not making the World his School, he means, he did not form his fystem of morality on the principles or practice of men in business.

NOTES.

VER. 265. —tho' I condescend, etc.] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an honest Man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose conduct in life was governed only on principles of policy: for of what Ministers he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the Courts they belong to.

Vol. IV.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light? Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write? Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave) Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

"I found him close with Swift-Indeed? no doubt 275

"(Cries prating Balbus) fomething will come out."
Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;

"No, fuch a Genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes. 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?

Curft

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I fing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

P. Be

NOTES.

VER. 271. Why am I ask'd, etc.] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A French Writer says well on this occasion—Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de sainéans, pour leur sournir de quoi amuser leur oissveté.

VER. 273. —or, to be grave, etc.] This important truth, concerning the Soul, was always so present with him, that, in his more serious hours he used to say, That he was certain of its immortality, that he seemed to feel it, as it were, within him by intuition.

VER. 282. When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?] The discovery of a conceal'd author by his Style, not only requires

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow, That tends to make one worthy man my soe, Give

VARIATIONS.

P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumb'ling D—s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.

A. No—the high task to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-sermons, and to Birth-day Odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.

P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, filence if you keep, The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

NOTES.

a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these Critics, knowing an Author by his style, is like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the Advertisement to the first edition of the new Dunciad, intimating, that " it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect and unfinished," I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taffe; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion; who took the lead, and who sometimes have intruded on the Yown the dullest performances for works of wit: while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath paffed by the public eye, unobserved or neglected: That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with success, in the Essay on Man: which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Younge, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing However, to make him amends, this same Public, when let into the secret, would, for some time after, suffer no poem with a moral title, to pass for any man's but his. So the Essay on Human Life, the Essay on Reason, and many others of a worle tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him.

D 2 This,

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a sear, 285
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;

Who

NOTES.

This, and a great deal more he added on the fame occafion, and affured me, that his new Dunciad would be full as well understood. He was not mistaken. This fourth book, the most studied and highly finished of all his Poems, was esteemed obscure, (a name which, in excess of modesty, the reader gives to what he does not understand) and but a faint imitation, by some common hand, of the other three. He had himself the malicious pleasure to hear this judgment passed on his favourite work, by several of his acquaintance; a pleafure more to his tafte than the flatteries they used to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying him. Of which he gave me another instance, that afforded him much diverfion. While these Acquaintance read the Essay on Man as the work of an unknown Author, they fairly owned they did not understand it: but when the reputation of the poem became secured by the knowledge of the Writer, it soon grew To clear and intelligible, that, on the appearance of the Comment on it, they told him, they wondered the Editor should think a large and minute interpretation necessary.

VER. 293. — selfishly approve, Because to deny, or pretend not to see, a well established merit, would impeach his own

heart or understanding.

VER. 294. And show the sense of it without the love;] i. e. will never suffer the admiration of an excellence to produce any escen for him to whom it belongs.

Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend; Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say, And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

Who

NOTES.

VER. 295, 296. Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;

When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our country from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who call themselves his friends, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack; others a soolish pleasure in a literary consist; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference. Horace warned his friend against this excessive selfishness, not to say, baseness of mind;

"At penitus notum si tentent crimina, serves, "Tuterisque tuo fidenter tuo praesidio: qui

66 Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid

" Ad te post paulo ventura pericula sentis."

A late Imitator of Horace, in the manner of Mr. Pope, has turned this with great elegance and spirit: which, because it so well suits the occasion, I shall here transcribe.

But should the man in whom (rare union!) shine

Wit's glowing graces, Reason's spark divine, Whose modest manners Virtue's self approves,

" Whom Wisdom leads through Learning's inmost groves,

"Stand the fierce rage of envy's motley train,

"The proud, the bigotted, the dull, the vain, "Arise! and nobly feeling for your Friend,

His morals vindicate, his fame defend,

"Till bursting through the cloud, with bright'ning ray

"Truth bids his worth blaze forth in open day."
18 E. 1. L. imitated by Mr. Neville,

Who to the Dean, and filver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there; 300
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of filk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or Sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 311
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptines betray, 315
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

NOTES.

VER. 299. Who to the Dean, and filver bell, etc.] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

VER. 306. —That mere white curd of Ass's milk?] Alluding, I suppose, to his having been cured of a consumptive habit by that Diet.

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad, Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies, Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies. His wit all see-saw, between that and this, Now high, now low, now mafter up, now miss, And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325 Amphibious thing! that acting either part, The trifling head, or the corrupted heart, Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board, Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord. Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest, Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust, Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool, Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335 Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise, That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways: That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame, And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.

That

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

VER. 320. Half froth,] Alluding to those frothy excretions, called by the people, Toad-spits, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:

That

NOTES.

VER. 340. That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. " I intend to fend you two or three poems " of Mr. Pope, the best Poet of England, and at present of 66 all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the " English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the 66 Effay on Criticism as superior to the Art of Poetry of Ho-" race; and his Rape of the Lock is, in my opinion, above " the Lutrin of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an ima-" gination, fo gentle graces, fo great variety, fo much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little " performance." MS. Lett. Oct. 15, 1726.

VER. 341. But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song: This may be said no less in commendation of his literary, than of his moral character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him, Sunt have due vitanda profus: unum ne tentes quod effici non possit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transseras. It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, Dryden; who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Absolom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he seemed neither to understand nor attend to it.

Ibid. But floop'd to Truth,] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untam'd birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or floops to, its prey.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end, He stood the furious foe, the timid friend, The damning critic, half-approving wit, The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had, The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad: The distant threats of vengeance on his head, The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed; The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own; The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape, The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape; Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread, A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355 The

NOTES.

VER. 343. He flood the furious foe, the timid friend,] His ranking the timid friend, with one of the highest evils of life, a furious foe, has great justness and dignity of sentiment: for, with the timid friend, he had to combat the false maxims of prudence, which such a friend would have to object to him; and these could not be handled as they deserved, without detecting the low, paltry views of the adviser, covered over with the name of Friendship.

Ver. 350. The lie so oft o'erthrown,] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, etc. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the Nobleman's Epistle. P.

VER. 351. Th' imputed trash, Such as profane Psalms, Court Poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

VER. 354. Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread, Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst,

The whisper, that to Greatness still too near, Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's Ear—Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past: For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why infult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state: 36r

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,

A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,

Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365

If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,

He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet

NOTES.

Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swist, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

VER. 356. The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,] By the whisper is meant calumniating honest characters. Shake-spear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of Greatness in the following line:

" Rain facrificial whisp'rings in his ear."

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

VER. 357. Perhaps, yet uibrates] What force and elegance of Expression! which, in one word, conveys to us the physical effects of sound, and the moral effects of an often repeated slander.

VER. 359. For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steddy Virtue, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

Yet fost by nature, more a dupe than wit,

Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:

This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis will confess 370

Foe to his pride, but Friend to his distress:

So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,

Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?

Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie,

To please his Mistress, one aspers'd his life; 376

He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:

Let

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless Youth was bit, And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit: Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid; He writ no Libels, but my Lady did: Great odds in am'rous or poetic game, Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

VER. 374. ten years] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

Ver. 375. Welsted's lie, This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a Lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds: the salsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great Man whatsoever. P.

Let Budgel charge low Grubstreet on his quill, And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will; Let the two Curls of Town and Court, abuse 380 His father, mother, body, foul, and muse. Yet why? that Father held it for a rule, It was a fin to call our neighbour fool;

That

NOTES.

VBR. 378. Let Budgel] Budgel, in a weekly pamphlet called the Bee, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the Grubstreet Journal; a Paper wherein he never had the least band, direction; or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. except his Will; Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the exclufion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 381. His father, mother, etc.] In some of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was faid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is Aranger, a Nobleman (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an Epiftle to a Doctor of Divinity: and the following line,

" Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,"

had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in certain Verses to the Imitator of Horace. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsay His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Efg; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family-Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finished,

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore: Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385 Unspotted names, and memorable long! If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause, While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?——
P. Their own,

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.

Born

NOTES.

The following infcription was placed by their fon on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI. P.

VER. 390. A. What fortune, pray?] His Friend's personating the Town in this place, and assuming its impertinent curiosity, gives great spirit to the ridicule of the question.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a story out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who, when he came near their city, sound their youth under arms, and the magistrates in their robes of office. On which, alighting in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the Master of the ceremonies came up; and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner:

Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" Naw this Demetrius

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wise,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try, 396
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bless be thine!

Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:

Me,

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say? Take then this verse, the trisse of a day, And if it live, it lives but to commend The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend, Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite, And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

NOTES.

(says Julian) was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immensely rich. You will ask me WHAT HE WAS WORTH; for I know nothing so likely to excite your curiosity. Why, truly, for this, you must consult Demophilas the Bythinian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.

Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my
friend,
415

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN. A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n, Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

VER. 417. And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. A. Whether that bleffing, etc.] He makes his Friend close the Dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the Character both of his temper, and his piety.

TOTHESALINES with the tender office long engages and tolked To rock the cradie of reporting aller of With tenient area easted a Mother Pabreach in the Front of a hard article could be a sollied and and a stable le come addition of the configuration of the config La dient-ed mail trangente of dr. a good bat Construction to be being only payed a record of Co they illest by to block the dogs, girller age BANK FRANK PARK TO STANKE TO STANKE TO Profesive to be terfold through the well for the seal AND A SECOND OF THE COURSE OF THE PARTY OF T washing to Day to 5 of galland to be to to the 17. A. Latvesting regards literact Polytranen Lanti The Control of the Control of the Control of the Control Living the Contests and Contest to the first of the property of and the property of the war due the control of the property of A setspe of fate of the set of th

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

Vol. IV.

E

SATIRES AND HEISTLES OF HORR ACE MITATED

Enthalia Weeten debit, et tonquebitus. 200 Elou.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Occasion of publishing these Imitations was the Clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An Answer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever fo low, or ever fo high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I verified, at the defire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are fo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satirist for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is fo hateful as a Hypocrite.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

THE THE RESERVOIS

the Occasion of the States and the states of the same of the Zinguna ration on terms of my reports. An Antwer the any I could have dead of the year perform and mentioned a trade of parison, A we have paint I and of the second for the foreign a bogged from the wind the displation and coult appr a Objidian man real- 1 th of desirable and correspondent of the electronic Book that Arthurs wire acress the challens of the and Axallan under whom they lived. The Samelval Do Donal I very set the dated of the Told offer lo saythed a to be a rejoless I broal now blooking I'm there got of the bad had fiere as the thirty of the second of whom highed mond a farm on whiten Court as bed in the A of tree of year about on point that yelstate of the world a character error allets the environ has been been and the state of t as a leading to excellence, the missing a fairful of The state of the state of the second in the second on a subsect of the lane of an as common order at the first a se interpretable all outline in the is

We dequat Without store you Reide.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a Paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious when Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan

of Reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sen iment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: And what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightening of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement. To which we may add, that this fort of Imitation, which is of the nature of Parody, throws resected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name

of Satires to Imitations.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et

Legem tendere opus; b fine nervis altera, quidquid Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebatî, Quid faciam? praescribe.

T. d Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, fi non

Optimum erat: ' verum nequeo dormire.

T.

NOTES

VER. 3. Scarce to wife Peter—Chartres] It has been commonly observed of the English, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators; and their parting curses on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly ascribed to the good nature of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius, in lamenting the severity of his Pen.

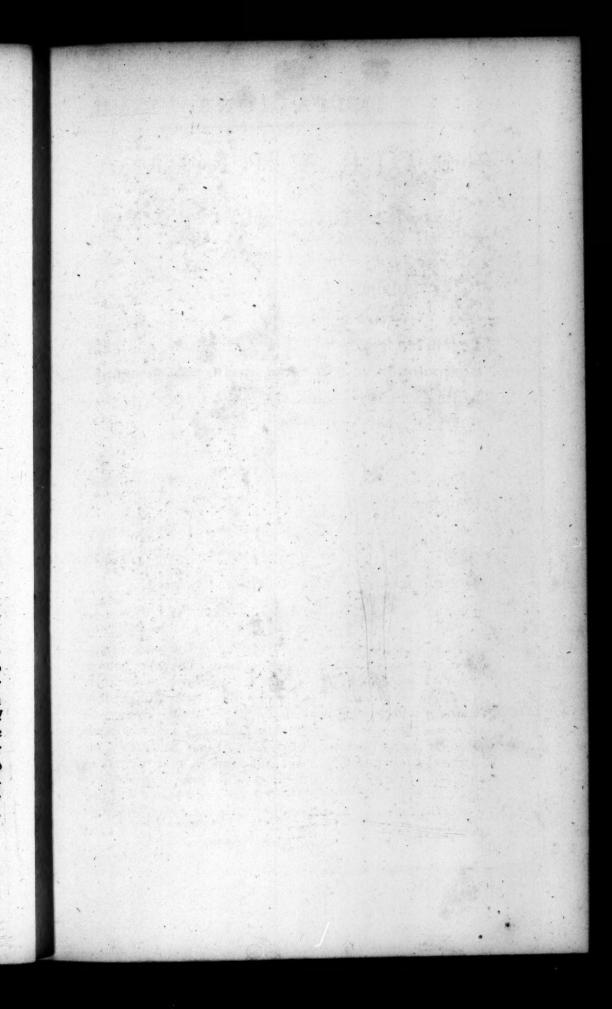
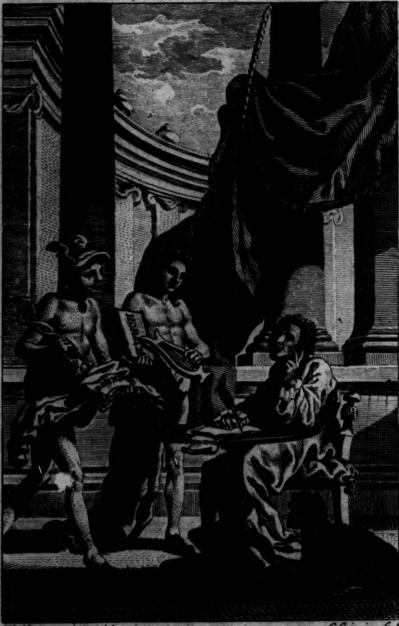


Plate IVII.

Vot. IV. facing p. 55.



Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne, yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone .-

SATIRE

Plate XVII.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

* There are, to whom my Satire feems too bold: Scarce to wife Peter complaifant enough, And something said of Chartres much too rough. The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to fay, 5 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day. Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe, 'I come to Council learned in the Law: You'll give me, like a friend both fage and free, Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.

F. 'I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I-think, And for my foul I cannot fleep a wink.

I nod

NOTES.

VER. 7. Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,] The delicacy of this does not fo much lie in the ironical approaction of it to himself, as in its seriously characterising the Person for whose advice he applies.

VER. 11. Not write? etc.] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

Peream male, fi non

Optimum erat:

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of verum nequeo dormire.

E 4

T. 'Ter uncti

Transnanto, Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto; Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude CAESARIS invicti res dicere, hulta laborum Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: 'neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,

Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T.

NOTES.

For conciseness, when it is clear, (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER. 20. Hartsborn,] This was intended as a pleasantry

on the novelty of the prescription.

VER. 23. What? like Sir Richard, etc.] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. All our English poets, except Milton (fays he, in a Letter to Mr. Locke) have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him. And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, I find, with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine. Just so, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry

I nod in company, I wake at night, Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.

Why, if the nights feem tedious—take a Wife: 16

f Or rather truly, if your point be rest,

Lettuce and cowslip wine; Probatum est.

But talk with Celfus, Celfus will advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

Or, if you needs must write, write-CAESAR's
Praise,

You'll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays.

P. What? like Sir 1 Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verse,

Rend with tremendous found your ears afunder,

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force, Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F.

NOTES.

poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetasters to the world's end.

VER. 28. falling Horse?] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, T. Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,

Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret: ¹ nisi dextro tempore, Flacci Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem: Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. " Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu

Pantolabum scurram, Nomentamnuve nepotem?

"Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus,
et odit.

H. 'Quid faciam? faltat Milonius, ut semel

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

Caftor

NOTES.

tender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

Ver. 39. Abuse the City's best good men in metre,] The best good Man, a City phrase for the richest. Metre—not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence.

VER. 41. What should ail 'em?] Horace hints at one reafon, that each fears his own turn may be next; his imitator gives another, and with more art, a reason which infinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number F. * Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. 'Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear; They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year; And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35 It is to History he trusts for Praise.

F. "Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still, Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille, Abuse the City's best good men in metre, And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter, 40 "Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred fmart in Timon and in Balaam: The fewer still you name, you wound the more; Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score,

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45 Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye; Ridotta sips and dances, till she see The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;

F --

NOTES.

of his Enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover.

VER. 46. Darty his Ham-pye; This lover of Ham-pye own'd the fidelity of the Poet's pencil; and faid, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of Ham-pye, he had given him Sweet-pye, he never could have pardoned him.

P Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia. 4 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

Lucilî ritu, nostrûm melioris utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim

Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam

Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo sit, ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis, sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

Miffus

NOTES

VER. 50. Like in all else, as one Egg to another.] This has neither the justness nor elegance of

" ovo prognatus eodem:"

For though it may appear odd, that those who come from the fame Egg, should have tempers and pursuits directly contrary; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, alike in all things else, should have different amusements.

VER. 52. As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:] They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech; and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities, which have gained him the love and esteem of his Readers: the other had one, which always gained him the savourable attention of his Hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, "Maledicit INERUDITUS apertius et sae"pius, cum periculo etiam suo. Affert et ista res opinio"NEM,

F F --- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother, Like in all elfe, as one Egg to another. ⁹ I love to pour out all myfelf, as plain As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne: In them, as certain to be lov'd as feen, The foul flood forth, nor kept a thought within; In me what fpots (for fpots I have) appear, Will prove at least the Medium must be clear. In this impartial glass, my Muse intends Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends; Publish the present age; but where my text Is Vice too high, referve it for the next: My foes shall wish my life a longer date, And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate. My head and heart thus flowing through my quill. Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will, Papist

" NEM, quia libentissime homines audiunt ea quae dicere " ipsi noluissent."

VER. 56. the Medium must be clear.] Alluding to a fountain of limpid water, through which the contents of the bottom are discovered. This thought affisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,]

Inferior to the Original:

" Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim

" Credebat libris," etc.

Perfius alluded to this idea, when he faid,

" Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!" etc.

Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,

Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;

Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum

Incuteret violenta.] sed hic stylus haud petit ultro

Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet
ensis

Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

'Tutus ab infestis latronibus? "O pater et rex

Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec

NOTES.

VER. 64. Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will, Papist or Protestant, etc.] The original thought (which is very flat, and so ill and aukwardly expressed, as to be taken for a monkish Addition) is here admirably improved, in a lively character of himself, and his writings.

Ver. 69. Satire's my weapon, In these words our Author has happily explained the true Character of Horace's ironical Apology; which is to this purpose: Nature, says he, has given all creatures the means of offence and defence: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and I have a talent for satire. And, at the same time that he vindicates his claim to this his natural weapon, Satire, he shews its moral use; it was to expose the noxious qualities which nature had given Cervius for infarming, Canidia for poisoning, and Turius for passing sentence. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

VER. 71. I only wear it in a land of Hectors, etc.] Superior to

tutus ab infestis latronibus,"

which

Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
'I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

"Save but our Army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

Peace

NOTES.

which only carries on the metaphor in

" Vagina tectus;"

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire.

VER. 72. Thieves, Supercargoes, The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading Companies sent with their ships, and entrusted with their concerns abroad.

VER. 73. Save but our Army! etc.] "Une Maladie nouvelle" (fays the admirable Author de L'esprit des Loix)
s'es est répandue en Europe; elle a sais nos Princes, et leur
fait entretenir un nombre desordonné de Troupes. Elle a
se ses redoublemens, et elle devient necessairement contagieuse.
Car si tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ses Troupes,
les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de saçon qu'on
ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit
avoir, si ses Peuples etoient en danger d'être exterminés;
et on nomme Paix, cet etat d'effort de tous
"Contre

Nec quisquam noceat " cupido mihi pacis! at ille, Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo) * Flebit, et infignis tota cantabitur urbe.

Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam; Canidia Albutî, quibus est inimica, venenum; Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes, * Ut, quo quifque valet, suspectos terreat, utque Imperet hoc Natura potens, fic collige mecum. Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus Monstratum? * Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum? Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos) 'nt somesteen both no section gino

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus

Exspectat, seu mors atris crcumvolat alis; hit common I miler en med a sadi co ta

on stately sail " format was

, babien za abardes il art asiar hadrenses her sont a Dives, -

NOTES.

" CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l'Europe est-elle si ruinée, que les of particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois

[&]quot;Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, " n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec

[&]quot; les richesses & le commerce de tout l'univers; & bientôt,

[&]quot; à force d'avoir des soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des " foldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares."

VER. 81-84. Slander-libell'd by ber hate.] There feems to be more spirit here than in the original: But it is hard

" Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: But touch me, and no Minister so fore. Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time * Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme, Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long, And the fad burthen of some merry song. 80

Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage, Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page. From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate, P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate. Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85 Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels; 'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug; And no man wonders he's not flung by Pug. So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat, They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90 Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)

Whether

NOTES.

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

"Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;" yet there might be something, for ought we know, in the character or history of Cervius, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

VER.85 .- GO. Its proper power to hurt, etc.] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the Original.

VOL. IV.

Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul; Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. O puer, ut fis

Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus Frigore te feriat.

H. 'Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina
morem,

Detra-

NOTES.

VER. 93—96. Whether Old age—shade] The Original is more finished, and even more sublime. Besides, the last verse—To wrap me in the universal shade, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our Author.

VER. 97. Whether the darken'd room—Or whiten'd wall—] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original.

" Quisquis erit vitae color."

VER. 92. In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his ease, and with all this levity of style, of the disasters incident to wit. But it was a serious matter with Horace; and is so still with our witty Neighbours; one of whom has well expressed their condition, in the following lines,

"Eh! Que sait-on? Un simple badinage, Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,

" Peut vous jetter fur un autre rivage :

" Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot."

VER. 104. Will dub their Testers, etc.] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the same time, betrays the injustice

Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evining of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print. 100
F. 'Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be

F. 'Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;

In flow'r of age you perish for a song! Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife, Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. 'What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,

105
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;

Can

NOTES.

justice of their resentment, in the very circumstance of their indulging it, as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety:

VER. 105—120. What? arm'd for Virtue, etc.] This is not only superior to Horace, but equal to any thing in him-felf.

'Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, et qui Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen, Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello, Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;

Scilicet

NOTES.

VER. 110. Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?] Because just Satire is an useful supplement to the fanctions of Law and Religion; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of Church or State.

VER. III. Could Boilean—Could Dryden] I believe neither of them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged.

Ibid. Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Laelius: it was Mr. Pope's design to satirize the present; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

"Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,"

loses fomething of its spirit in the imitation; for the amici, referred to, were Scipio and Laelius.

VER. 116. Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?]
Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design; for so great a genius (he said) ought not to be confined

Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause, Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws? Could penfion'd Boileau lash in honest strain 111 Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign? Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage, Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage? And I not ftrip the gilding off a Knave, Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave? I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause: Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the Laws.

Yes.

NOTES.

to Translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a place. At the same time, he never spoke one word of a pension. For this offer, he was solely indebted to the Whig-Ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Hallifax, of his own motion, fent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and defired time to confider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the pension with much Indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the pension was then resumed. And this Minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a year were then at his fervice: he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him fuch a pension, without its being known, or

76 IMITATIONS Book II.
Scilicet Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus
Amicis.

Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido;

nifi

NOTES.

ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 2001. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head; and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: But the Precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support.

VER. 129. And HE, whose lightning, etc.] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. P.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
To Virtue only and Herfriends Afriend,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:
And He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian
Lines,

Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,

Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

¹ Envy must own, I live among the Great, No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state, 134 With

NOTES.

VER. 133. Envy must own, etc.] Horace makes the point of Honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the Great;

" Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque

" Invidia."

a

h

h

1-

15

Our Poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the foot of an honest man.—He prided himself in this superiority, as appears from the following words, in a Letter to Dr. Swift.

F 4

* nifi quid tu, docte Trebati,

Diffentis.

T. 1 Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

" Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,
" jus est

" Judiciumque."

H. Esto, siquis " mala. sed bona si quis
Judice

NOTES.

"To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a Praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater." Lett. VII. Jan. 12, 1723.

VER. 146. A man was hang'd, etc.] Si mala condiderit—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscrit le plus les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits Souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mepriser les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu'à lui; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les Decemvirs, qui formoient une Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits satiriques." De L'Esprit des Loix, l. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150, 151. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave Epistles, etc.] The legal objection is here more justly

Such

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats; To help who want, to forward who excel; This all who know me, know; who love me, tell; And who unknown defame me, let them be Scriblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me. 140 This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—

* What saith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. 'Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!

Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

"Consult the Statute: quart. I think, it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. "Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! 150

But grave Epistles, bringing Vice to light,

Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,

NOTES.

justly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

But the Imitator's grave Epistles shew the satire to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which the integer ipse of the Original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being grave Epistles could justify the attack.

74

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? si quis Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

This all who know in T. Es. m word only lis sill

VER. 153. F. Indeed?] Hor. Hor.

" Solventur risu tabulae."

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet consutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and searful; but as soon as Sir Robert, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named

in fineds on record, that in Kirchard's times

Counsil the Statute: every. I drink, it is.

See Libelia Satiren - here von dave in-read.

in grave Eletter bringing Vice to light.

Such as Aire with a born of the will be at him

West to the constraint of the state of the constraint Con-

Lorenzedi fexti or irran et gami: Ella,

The second of th

П.

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e,

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d

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve-

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
"In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismis'd.

NOTES.

named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, the Case is alter'd. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint, that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his uncle, to confess the Case was alter'd?

OF HOMACH. Them. -agoages Moon than Middle Hall The Cale is stored - you may then produced ability a could the thinkent wall by the denot a supply of the supply of another thought as have a -article 41 Sound as provided as a secretal assembly assembly on the secretary of - or the move to along the left and below a religion of the The first bad been long a Clean to Marina has along to

INTEATIONS BOOKE

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

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Receive saling per the short admirable might M

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H.A.HITAR

compared to the first to the first property of the control of the

SATIRA II.

QUAE virtus et quanta, boni, fit vivere parvo, (Nec meus hic fermo; sed quae praecepit Ofellus,

Rusticus, abnormis Sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
Discite, non inter lances mensaque nitentes;
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur
hoc?

Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis Corruptus judex. Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat Militia assuetum Graecari) seu pila velox, Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem; Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco: Cum labor extulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis, Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno, Ne biberis, diluta. foris est promus, et atrum

Defendens

NOTES.

VER. 5; 6. —a guilt Buffet's reflected pride

Turns you from found Philosophy aside;]

More forcibly and happily expressed than the original, accli
in falsis; though that be very elegant.

Defindent pifer blemar mye e cum fale panis

SATIRE H.

fed in we so ch. to polocularia ou

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the

To live on little with a chearful heart;

b(A doctrine fage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk 'before we dine.

Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride

Turns you from found Philosophy afide;

Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools.

But strong in sense, and wife without the rules. 10

^h Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)

Then fcorn a homely dinner, if you can.

'Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

If

NOTES.

VER. 9. BETHEL. The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quaere Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea, Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum; Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda: Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista,

Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?

Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa; Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis Ostia sub Tusci? 'laudas, insane, trilibrem Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.

Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo Proceros odisse lupos? qui scilicet illis Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus. Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
Prae-

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

k Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen; Yet hens of Guinea sull as good I hold, Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great, (Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat) Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess? Because God made these large, the other less. Oldsield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25 Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"

NOTES.

VER. 25. Oldfield] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating.

VER. 26. Hog barbecu'd, etc.] A West Indian term of Gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. P.

VOL. IV.

Praesentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia:

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus Atque acidas mavult inulas. o necdum omnis abacta Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem Gallonî praeconis erat acipensere mensa Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?

Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo

P Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,

Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.

'Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud, Si te alio pravus detorseris. 'Avidienus 'Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,

Quin-

NOTES.

VER. 27. Oh blast it, South-winds!] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleasant allusion of the original, coquite.

VER. 42. Bedford-head ;] A famous Eating-house. P.

VER. 43. Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish] There is force and humour in dizerit and parebit, which the imitation does not reach.

Oh blaft it, "South-winds! till a stench exhale Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail. By what Criterion do ye eat, dy'e think, If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30 When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat, He finds no relish in the sweetest meat. He calls for fomething bitter, fomething four, And the rich feast concludes extremely poor: Ocheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we fee; Thus much is left of old Simplicity! The Robin-red-breaft till of late had rest, And children facred held a Martin's neft, Till Becaficos fold fo dev'lish dear To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40 Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed, I'll have a party at the Bedford-head: Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend: I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not fordid; tho' not spendid, clean.

Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which, For him you'll call a 'dog, and her a bitch) 50 Sell

NOTES.

VER. 50. For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch, etc.] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt.

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;

"Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

"Festos albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, "veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque In neutram partem cultus miser. Hic neque fervis

Albutî fenis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Saevus erit; nec fit ut fimplex b Naevius, unctam

Convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque

magnum.

Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque fecum

Afferat. 'In primis valeas bene; nam variae res Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae, Quae simplex 'olim tibi sederit. at simul assis Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tu-

Lenta feret pituita. 'Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Coena

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
"One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some "lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At such a feast, 'old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

YHe knows to live, who keeps the middle state, And neither leans on this side, nor on that; Nor astrops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay, Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away; Nor lets, like Naevius, ev'ry error pass, 65 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

'Now hear what bleffings Temperance can bring:

(Thus faid our Friend, and what he faid I fing.)

d'First Health: The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and sless and sish, 70 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar, And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft 'the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest 75

Rife from a Clergy, or a City feast!

3

What

Coena desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum Hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una, Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.

Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia furgit.

Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni, et tractari mollius aetas
Imbecilla volet. ¹ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam
Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

* Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia

Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam Integrum

NOTES.

VER. 79, 80. The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

"affigit humo divinae particulam aurae."

To this, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more fobriety and judgment, has turned the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and compotations in Taverns did not edify him: and so has added What life in all that ample body, fay?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
The foul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.
80
80
80
Mind

That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

*Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, Old age:

*For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains? 90

*Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose. Notso: a Buck was then a week's repast, And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last; More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why

NOTES.

added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER 81. On morning wings, etc.] Much happier and nobler than the Original.

VER. 86. Or tir'd in fearch of Truth, or fearch of Rhyme;]

G 4

A fine

Integrum edax dominus confumeret. hos uti-

Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliffet."

Das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior aurem Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque Grande ferunt una "cum damno dedecus, adde 'Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum, Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti P As, laquei pretium.

⁹ Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo,
Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
Templa

NOTES

A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

VER. 117, 118. Ob Impudence of wealth! with all thy store, How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?]

" Cur egit indignus quisquam, te divite ?"

is here admirably paraphrased. And it is observable in these Imitations, that where our Poet keeps to the sentiments of Horace, he rather piques himself in excelling the most finished touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inserior parts. Of this elegance of Ambition, all his Writings bear such marks, that it gave Countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying finely.

Why had not I in those good times my birth, Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,

"That sweetest music to an honest ear, 100
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learn'd, "fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
Curs'd by thy "neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And "buy a rope, that suture times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

""Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue
"in need

"To have a Taste is insolence indeed:

" In me 'tis noble, fuits my birth and state,

"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great." Then, like the Sun, let' Bounty spread her ray, 115 And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store, How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall

NOTES.

finely. But if ever there was an Original in Poetry, it was Pope. But his fancy was so corrected by his judgment, and his imitation so spirited by his genius, that what he improved flruck the vulgar eye more strongly than what he invented.

*Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm? cur, improbe,

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?
'O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne
"Ad casus dubios sidet sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque suturi,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

"Ouomagis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus

Quomagis his credas: puér hunc ego parvus

Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc w accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam,

NOTES.

VER. 122. As M**o's was, etc.] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

" cur, Improbe! carae
"Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo."

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support

L

Shall half the 'new-built churches round thee fall? Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall: Or to thy Country let that heap be lent, 121 As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And "who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130 His equal mind I copy what I can, And as I love, would imitate the Man. In South-Sea days not happier, when furmis'd The Lord of Thousands, than if now " Excis'd; In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135 Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content

NOTES.

port of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus:

" quare " Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm ?"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire.

VER. 133. In South-Sea days not happier, etc.] Mr. Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not fell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

Quidquam, praeter *olus fumosae cum pede pernae.

Ac mihi seu ' longum post tempus venerat hospes,

Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hoedo: tum * penfilis uva fecundas

Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.

Post hoc ludus erat a cuppa potare magistra:

Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo furgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.

Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego par-

O pueri, nituistis, ut buc 'novus incola venit?

Nam

NOTES.

VE2. 150. And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.] The pleasantry of this line consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own; or a sense of gratitude for the blessings he receives. But it contains, too, a sober reproof of people of condition, for their unmanly and brutal disuse of so natural a duty.

Content with little, I can piddle here On *brocoli and mutton, round the year; But 'ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play) That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 'Tis true, no 2 Turbots dignify my boards, But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

To Hounflow-heath I point, and Bansted-down, Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

From you old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall, And figs from standard and espalier join; The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine: Then b chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)

And what's more rare, a Poet shall fay Grace. 150 Fortune not much of humbling me can boaft; Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loft? My Life's amusements have been just the same, Before, and after 'Standing Armies came. My lands are fold, my father's house is gone; 155 I'll hire another's; is not that my own, And yours, my friends? through whose freeop'ning gate

None comes too early, none departs too late;

(For

Nam a propriae telluris herum natura neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;

Illum aut nequities aut vafri inscitia juris,

Postremum expellet certe vivacior heres,

Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Oselli

Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 165. Well, if the use be mine, etc.] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he fays, "My Landlady, Mrs. 46 Vernon, being dead, this Garden and House are offered me in fale; and, I believe (together with the cottages on each " fide my grass-plot next the Thames) will come at about a et thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend " would be pleased to live in it after my death (for, as it is, " it ferves all my purposes as well, during life) I would pur-" chase it; and more particularly could I hope two things; " that the Friend who should like it, was so much younger 46 and healthier than myfelf, as to have a prospect of its con-"tinuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing But most of those I love are travelling out of the " world, not into it; and unless I have fuch a view given " me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short " of the Grave." - So that we see (what some who called themselves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in profe and verse were the same.

(For I, who hold fage Homer's rule the best, Welcome the coming, speed the going Guest.) 160 " Pray Heav'n it laft! (cries SwIFT) as you go on; " I wish to God this house had been your own: " Pity! to build, without a fon or wife: "Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon? What's dear Swift! you see it alter From you to me, from me to Peter Walter; Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's thare; Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir; Or in pure f equity (the case not clear) The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year: At best, it falls to some ungracious son, Whocries,"My father's damn'd, and all's myown." Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175 Become the portion of a booby Lord;

And

NOTES.

VER. 170. Or, in a jointure, vanish from the beir; The expression well describes the surpize an heir must be in to find himself excluded by that Instrument which was made to secure his succession. For Butler humorously defines a fointure to be the act whereby Parents

"Their Childrens Tenants, ere they're born."

VER. 171-2. Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:

A Protestant Miser's money in Chancery, and a Catholic Miser's person in Purgatory, and assessed to be got out, till the

96 IMITATIONS Book II.

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

Law and the Church have been well paid for their redemption.

VER. 177. proud Buckingham's, etc.] Villers Duke of Buckingham. P.

And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight, Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

Let Us befix'd, and our own masters still. 180

NOTES.

VER. 179. Let lands and houses, etc.] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the fentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.

Vol. IV.

לסו דומון כל eds to be my grid and interpreted to delicate the carbon vacation of a city Knight. they wast sheet to where where they will. Call and a construction of the Links and a land Markey and the property of the state of the s Calon, an the concluding part, obliged and to distribute the with a fire one disk billing TO NOTE TO

THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
HORACE.

The state of the cold in the state of the st

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,

*Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude,

quaeris,

Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Non eadem est aetas, non mens. 'Veianius, armis

d'Hérculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;

Ne populum 'extrema toties exoret arena.

Fest mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
Solve fenescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 3. Sabbath of my days?] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

VER. 8. Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,] An occasional stroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his Epistle on Taste:

" Load some vain Church with old theatric state,

" Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden gate."

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why bwill you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See Modest Cibber now has lest the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, dretir'd to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
Nor sond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's
cause.

'A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can
hear)

"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,

" And never gallop Pegafus to death;

" Left

NOTES.

VER. 10. ev'n in Brunswick's cause.] In the former Editions it was Britain's cause. But the terms are synonymous.

Nunc itaque et h versus, et caetera ludicra pono:

Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis
in hoc sum:

* Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, 'quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

Nunc agilis fio, et mersor " civilibus undis,

Virtutis verae custos, o rigidusque satelles:

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 16. You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horfe.] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elfewhere, was univerfally received in the City of London. His verification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. P.

VER. 26. And bouse with Montagne now, or now with Locke.] i. e. Chuse either an active or a contemplative life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances.—For he regarded these Writers as the best Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself: Montagne excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and Locke, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

"Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
"You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
"horse."

Farewel then b Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what sit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:

20
To lay this bharvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what 'Doctors I apply?

Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:

As drives the "storm, at any door I knock: 25

And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.

Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate, Mix with the World, and battle for the State, Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue, Still true to Virtue, o and as warm as true: 30 Sometimes

NOTES.

VER. 30. Still true to Virtue—with Aristippus, or St. Paul,] It was the Poet's purpose in this place to give us the picture of his own mind, not that of Horace's; who tells us, he sometimes went with Zeno, and sometimes with Aristippus; the extremes of whose different Systems, Tully thus justly censures: "Ut quoniam Aristippus, quasi animum nullum habeamus, corpus solum tuetur; Zeno, quasi corporis simus expertes, animum solum complectitur." But neither Truth nor Decency would suffer our Poet to say, that, to suit himself to the times, he went into either of these sollies. To shew

Nunc in * Aristippi p furtim praecepta relabor, Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

⁹ Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum: Sic mihi tarda 'fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae spem

Confiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter 'id, quod Aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aeque, Aeque neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.

Reflat,

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et flatus, et res. P.

NOTES.

their fincerity and warmth for the interests of Virtue, he compares himself to a Friend, in whom he observed that warmth. And by joining St. Paul with Aristippus he would infinuate, that he took no more from the Cyrenaic sect than a charitable compliance to occasions, for the benefit of his neighbour. Thus in serving himself or his Friend, to temper the rigidity of one sect of Philosophy, while the Apostle is employed to rectify the looseness of the other, he brings Mr. Lyttelton and St. Paul acquainted; for those who correct opposite extremes must needs meet; and so we see the Patriot in a new point of view; which is, in a virtuous accommodation of bimself to seasons and circumstances.

VER. 32. Indulge my candor—Back to my native Moderation slide,] An honest and artful infinuation, that though Partie

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul, Indulge my candor, and grow all to all; Back to my pative Moderation slide, And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable moments foll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That 'task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late

NOTES.

Parties in the State prosecute their ends on ever so true principles, and with ever so good intentions, yet opposition is apt to make the most scrupulous leaders of them sometimes violate both candor and moderation. However, by the expression of indulging his candor, he would infinuate too, that, when he allowed the least to it, he never violated truth; and, by sliding back to his native moderation, that he always kept within the Bounds of Reason.—But the general sense of the whole passage is, that when he went with the Stoics, who advise a public life, the character of his civil virtue was rigid; when he went with the Cyrenaics, who encourage a private, that the character of his social was indulgent.

VER. 45. can no wants endure;] i. e. Can want nothing: badly expressed.

' Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam 'solerque elementis:

Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Est quadam prodire * tenus, si non datur ultra.

Fervet Avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Possis, et "magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt "certa piacula, quae te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Nemo dadeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

Virtus

NOTES.

VER. 51. Pll do what Mead—] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man; whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stiffed much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Physician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the most most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned men I know."

'Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And seel some "comfort, not to be a fool.

"Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to "go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy 'blood rebel, thy bosom move 55 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love? Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll

² Between the Fits this Fever of the Soul; Know, there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60
Be bfurious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

'Tis

NOTES.

VER 58. Between the Fits—] The sense of "magnam morbi deponere partem," is here very happily expressed. And "Ter pure lecto," etc.

in the following line, as happily varied. But the whole paffage, which describes the use and efficacy of satire, is admirrably imitated. *Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae saxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
Ne cures ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?

"Vilius estauro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

" O cives,

NOTES.

VER. 70. Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! Though this has all the spirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes poverty pursue, and keep pace with, the Mifer in his flight.

"Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per faxa, per ignes."
But what follows,

"Wilt thou do nothing," etc. far surpasses the Original.

VER. 77. Here, Wisdom calls, etc.] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty close translation; but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, though one of the most sinished passages in Horace, looks only like the imitation of it

VER. 78. As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

"Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

which

"Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65 And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more. But to the world no bugbear is fo great, As want of Figure, and a small Estate. To either India see the Merchant fly, Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70 See him, with pains of body, pangs of foul, Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole! Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end, Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend? To stop thy foolish views, thy long defires, And seafe thy heart of all that it admires? Here, Wisdom calls: 1 46 Seek Virtue first, be " bold!

" As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

There,

NOTES.

which only fays, That as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold is of less value than Virtue: in which simple inferiority, and not the proportion of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object concisens, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now first appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do justice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly

- "O cives, cives! 'quaerenda pecunia primum est;
- "Virtus post nummos:" haec 1 Janus summus ab

imo

Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

* Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est "animus tibi, funt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

Sed quadringentis fex feptem millia defint,

Plebs eris. Pat pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,

Si

NOTES.

great genius can afford to indulge: I mean his extreme readiness, and unseigned pleasure, in acknowledging his mistakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he possessed in a greater degree, and with less affectation, than any man I ever knew.

VER. 82. From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,] i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,] They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of standing quiver'd, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquisite beauty, infinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as satal as the shafts of a Parthian.—Quiver'd at the ear of the Scrivener, describes the position it is usually sound in, and alludes to the custom of the American canibals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) instead of a quiver, for their poison'd arrows.

There, London's voice: " Get Money, Money " still!

"And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all, From 1 low St. James's up to high St. Paul; From him whose m quills stand quiver'd at his ear, To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in "fpirit, sense and truth abounds; 85 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thou-fand pounds;

A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a °Cit, with all thy worth:
But Bug and D*1, Their Honours, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry 'Child another fong will fing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no fin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;

Be

NOTES.

VER. 84. notches flicks] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 85. Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great Man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him.

Si recte facies. Hic q murus abeneus esto, Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

'Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert, Et Maribus 'Curiis et decantata Camillis?

'Isne tibi melius suadit, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut "propius spectes lacrymosa poëmata Pupî!
An, "qui fortunae te responsare superbae
Liberum et erectum, "praesens hortatur et aptat?

Non, ut ² porticibus, fic judiciis fruar îsdem;
Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit:
Olim quod ² vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

Respon-

NOTES.

VER. 95. Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;]
"Hic murus aheneus esto."

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the ancient Scholiasts had not explained what Horace meant by a wall of brass; for, says Dacier, "Chacun se fait des difficultez à sa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées a son goût:" he then sets himself in good earnest about this important enquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an old veteran, armed cap-

Be this thy ⁹ Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass. 96

'And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at 'CRESSY and POITIERS?
'Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but
"great,

" With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;

" Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;

"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a "Box where Eunuchs fing,
And foremost in the Circle eye a King. 106
Or "he, who bids thee face with steddy view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness.

through:
And, while he bids thee, fets th' Example too?

And, while he bids thee, fets th' Example too? If 'fuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110 Should chance to make the well-dreft Rabble stare; If honest S*z take scandal at a Spark, That less admires the Palace than the Park: Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:

" I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave: 115

NOTES.

cap-a-pie in brass, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine stroke of Satire:

VER. 97. And fay, etc.] These four Lines greatly superior to any thing in the Original.

Vol. IV.

Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

* Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid sequar, aut quem?

Pars hominum gestit conducere publica: sunt qui

Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:

* Multis occulto crescit res fenore. f verum

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

Nullus

NOTES

VER. 117. Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.] This Expression is used for the joke's sake; but it hurts his moral; which is, that they come out beasts. He should here have stuck to the terms of his Original, vestigia omnia te adversum spectantia.

VER. 118. Adieu to Virtue, etc.] These two lines are intended for the Moral of a Fable which needed no explaining; so that they impair the grace of it; at best, as here applied, inserior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, Populus Rimanus, to whom one of Aesop's Fables was properly addressed; but this is too simple a method of conveying Truth to the well-dressed Rabble of St. James's.

VER. 126. Their Country's Wealth our mightier Misers drain,]
The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public, on the Funds. They have been commonly accused of making it a job. But in so corrupt times, the fault is not always to be imputed to a Ministry: it having been found, on trial, that the wisest and most virtuous citizen of this or any other Age, with every requisite talent in such matters, and supported by

" Because I see, by all the tracks about,

" Full many a Beaft goes in, but none come out."

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:

Send her to Court, you fend her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least

The b People are a many-headed Beast:

Can they direct what measures to pursue,

Who know themselves so little what to do?

Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,

Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125

Their 'Country's Wealth our mightier Misers

drain,

Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and
Brawn;

While with the filent growth of ten per cent, In dirt and darkness, 'hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:

135
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir

NOTES.

all the weight an honest administration could afford him, was, they say, unable to abolish this inveterate mystery of iniquity.

* Nullus in orbe finus Baiis praelucet amoenis,

Si dixit dives; h lacus et mare fentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si 1 vitiosa libido.

Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis, fabri. * lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita:

'Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

m Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ?

Quid " pauper? ride : mutat " coenacula, lectos,

Balnea, p tonfores; conducto navigio acque

Nauseat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

Si curatus inaequali tonfore capillos-

Occurro; rides. fi forte fubucula pexae

Trita fubest tunicae, vel si toga dissidet impar;

Rides.

NOTES.

VBR. 143. Now let some whimsey, etc.] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

" Cui si vitiosa Libido " Fecerit auspicium;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach. Sir Job ' fail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and fill, a No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich " hill !"

"Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base Slopes at its foot, the woods its fides embrace, The filver Thames reflects its marble face. Now let fome whimfey, or that 'Dev'l within

Which guides all those who know not what they mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen; " Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 146 " For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in " Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the k flocking thrown? That very night he longs to lie alone.

The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,

For matrimonial folace dies a martyr. Did ever " Proteus, Merlin, any witch, Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? Well, but the "Poor-The Poor have the same itch:

They change their ' weekly Barber, weekly News, 155

Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run (They know not whither) in a Chaife and one; They phire their sculler, and when once aboard, Grow fick, and damn the climate--like a Lord.

^q You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand, My wig all powder, and all fnuff my band; You 13

Rides. quid, 'mea cum pugnat sententia secum;

Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;

- 'Aestuat, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;
- Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
- Infanire putas folennia me, neque rides,

Nec " medici credis, nec curatoris egere

A praetore dati; rerum * tutela mearum

Cum fis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Ad fummam, fapiens uno minor est Jove, dives, *Liber, *honoratus, bpulcher, crex denique regum; Praecipue fanus, d nisi cum pituita molesta est.

VER. 182. when plunder'd] i. e. By the Public; which has rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when the has, more rarely knows how to use it.

You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary, White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary! But when 'no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirtlin'd, Is half fo incoherent as my Mind, 166 When (each opinion with the next at strife, One 'ebb and flow of follies all my life) I 'plant, root up; I build, and then confound; Turn round to square, and square again to round; "You never change one muscle of your face, 171 You think this Madness but a common case, Nor wonce to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply; Yet hang your lip, to fee a Seam awry! Careless how ill I with myself agree, Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me. Is this my * Guide, Philosopher, and Friend? This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend? Who ought to make me (what he can, or none) That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; Great without Title, without Fortune bles'd; Rich 'ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd; 182 Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;

At home, tho' exil'd; b free, tho' in the Tow'r; In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, Just cless than Jove, and much above a King, 186 Nay, half in heav'n-dexcept (what's mighty odd) A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

PHILL . PROAGOTOTO - EINT wise viscouth eldes and back the arrangely very, the present visit vitame and the resemble of Bit who are Professive Lawrence has a control of Windlest of shirt and we miss dealer that a When teach opinion with the next at fleffe, Addressed viette setter helde bereite and L' phinis coot up; I build, and then confound; Authoroughto iquere, and house again torcoult; You never change one muicle of your face, 191 You think this Widners but a common cale. Not concerted francisty, nor to I faits apply; Yet being your lip, to fee a Scam away! Carelels bow ill I with mylett acrees Kind to my drefs, my figure, not to Mes Is this isy 'Guide, Philosopher, and Pricedly This he, who loves me and who ought to mend? Who ought to make me (what he can or none) That Man divine whom Wildom calls her own; distant without Title, without Norteine blatchist didw b'noneit bishaulg andw n've doch

Logid wathout / Louis and follow's refuser

At Lord the call of the chair the Ton't;
It have, that you have high, hamenal Time,
fall that that Josefan intelligent above a King, 186
Marshall in hear — the capt (what she is boy odd)
A Fit of Vapours about the light vector,

ERISTOLA, VI.

T.T. radingeris and seek upol Numici, alliene folem, et dellas, et decedentia certis Tonion and inches to the formation and a

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

and the H O R A C E. I make the sent of th excition of that principle, which puts the faculties on the Riccoll, and produces the Toptethe degree of recollence. For the Bose had all the warrant or afted to the great Larry or to whomer's addressed; and, indeed, no man commore deserved to have a Part for the friend. In the electroling of which as mention wantly, party-real feet, had any finete. (winch maye built to one agadements of many of his reblech equalities at is he's gentle his right to it by ellithe good offices of a generous and whice Friendflus

and the rotal whole Translation of Horace the gun arfe fer are taken.

VER. 6, -1 Start that rife and fally The Original is

" -- decedentia certis [e (Lempora mouganies," e

which waste hurply and literally figury; my stargery fagen. ther took theang being confidered as an odie. . . . abolifacion. his instator has judiciously expressed it in the snore fublished the flow wises 177. I want to make a symmetric

a see of the fitter that yet and tall I've the Aches, and the market source the featons are marked and all inguished.

EPISTOLA VI.

Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

b Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis

Tempora momentis, sunt qui 'formidine nulla

indmile SIXTH EPISTER

NOTES.

VER. 3. dear MURRAY, This piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call con amore. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deferved to have a Poet for his friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble Acquaintance) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendship.

VER. 4. Creech.] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

VER. 6. —Stars that rife and fall,] The Original is
—decedentia certis

" Tempora momentis;"

which words fimply and literally fignify, the change of feafons. But this change being confidered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciously expressed it in the more sublime figurative terms of

"Stars that rife and fall," by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished. Imime for deat. and confes, munera terial

Ould, iveris extremos Arabas. ditantis et lad

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Not to admire, is all the Art I know, " To make men happy, and to keep " them fo."

(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of fpeech,

So take it in the very Words of Creech.)

b This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rife and fall. There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes Look through, and trust the Ruler with his Skies, To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year, And view 'this dreadful All without a fear. 10 Admire

VER. 8. -trust the Ruler with his Skies, - To him commit the Hour,] Our Author, in these Imitations, has been all along careful to correct the loofe morals, and abfurd theology of his Original.

VER. 10. And view this dreadful All without a fear.] He has added this idea to his text; and it greatly heightens the dignity Imbuti spectent. de quid censes, munera terrae?

Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis et ore?

'Qui timet his adversa, sere miratur eodem Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus: Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

*Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui; Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

conne I constant the Hour, the Day, the Means

NOTES.

And view this dreadful All without a fear.

dignity of the whole thought. He gives it the appeilation of a dreadful All, because the immensity of God's creation, which modern philosophy has so infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect narrow minds, who measure the divine comprehension by their own, with dreadful suspicions of man's being overlooked in this dark and narrow corner of existence, by a Governor occupied and busied with greater matters.

VER. 21. In either case, believe me, we admire;] i. e. These objects, in either case, affect us, as objects unknown affect the mind; and consequently betray us into false judgments.

Admire we then what a Earth's low Entrails hold, Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;

All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold?

Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?

The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings?

Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze, And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the 'pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we 'joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th'unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
For 'k Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

Co

NOTES.

VER. 22. Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The curse is the same (says he) whether we joy or grieve. Why so? Because, in either case, he man is surprized, hurried off, and led away captive.

" (The good or bad to one extreme betray

This happy advantage of the Imitation over the Original, arises from the ambiguity of the word surprize.

VER. 27. The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.] Because when men are carried away by their Passions, as all Madmen I nunc, argentum et marmor "vetus, aeraque et artes

Suspice: cum gemmis " Tyrios mirare colores:

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te " mille loquentem:

Gnavus mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;

9 Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus, et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)

Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

Defodiet,

NOTES.

Madmen are, he, who has joined the cause of God to his own, must need do the most mischief; as this union gives him additional vigour in the pursuit of his extravagancies, and impresses additional reverence for them on his Followers.

VER. 30. Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, This is one of those superior touches that most ennoble a persect piece. He speaks here of salse Taste, as appears by his directions how to get it; and how to use it when got. Procure a Taste, says he: That is, of the Virtuosi; whose science you are to buy for that purpose: for true Taste, which is from nature, comes of itself. And how are you to use it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, admiration, but to raise and instance it, by doubling your surprize. And this a salse Taste will always do; there being none so given to raptures as the Virtuoso-Tribe: whereas the Man of true Taste finds but sew things to approve; and those, he approves with moderation.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state Cf beaming diamonds, and reflected plate: Procure a TASTE to double the furprize, 30 And gaze on " Parian Charms with learned eyes: Be ftruck with bright "Brocade, or Tyrian Dye. Our Birth-day Nobles' fplendid Livery. If not fo pleas'd, at o Council-board rejoice, To fee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35 From p morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall, Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all. But wherefore all this labour, all this strife? For 9 Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife? Shall 'One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, confpir'd 40

To form, not to admire, but be admir'd, Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth? Yet 'Time ennobles, or degrades each Line; 44 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:

And

NOTES.

VER. 44. Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:]
One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The Original is,

"Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

" Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

Hoc age deliciis.

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. 'cum bene notum Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appî;

Ire tamen restat, Numa " quo devenit et Ancus.

"Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. * vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis

virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna? z cave ne portus occupet alter.

Ne

MOTES

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE!] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, superior to both. TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by Vanity and Fear; and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and deseated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

VER. 57. And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.] There is a prettines in this expression, which depends on its contrast

And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, 'with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his Country's
pride)

Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

"Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone, Will any Mortal let himself alone?

See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over, And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the Mind's disease; There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please. Would ye be 'blest? despise low Joys, low Gains; Disdain whatever Corner distance is and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,
65
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
stones?

Fly then, on all the Wings of wild Desire, Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:

İs

NOTES.

to that flippery medicine, by which this Quack rendeted him-felf famous, namely Quickfilver.

VER. 65. Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, The one he renounces in his party-tamphlets; the other, in his Right of the Christian Church.

Vol. IV. K

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

* Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, por-

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet buxorem cum dote, sidemque, et amicos,

Et genus, et formam, regina Pecunia donat;

Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris Cappadocum rex.

Ne sueris hic tu. chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,

Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque Esse domichlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes. Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

Et

NOTES.

VER. 81. dubb'd a Man of Worth, Alluding to the City Knighthoods, where wealth and worship go together.

Ver. 87. Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play, The common Reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these three Ladies, the unlucky Play, and every other trisling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator

Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole, Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold, Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold: Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies; On the broad base of Fifty Thousand rise, Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75 Add fifty more, and bring it to a fquare. For, mark th' advantage; just so many score Will gain a b Wife with half as many more, Procure her beauty, make that beauty chafte, And then such 'Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80 A d Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth, Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth. (Believe me, many a German Prince is worse, Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse) His Wealth brave f Timon gloriously confounds:

Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.

8 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble

NOTES.

mentator on his writings. Which defect in these Notes, the periodical Scribblers, however, have been stupid and shame-less enough to object to them.

Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus. h ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

'Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

"Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et 'cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: "Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur: "Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque "facetus adopta.
Si p bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut q olim

Differtum

NOTES.

Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, fervos,

VER. 91. Anoble Superfluity, etc.] These four lines are an admirable paraphrase on

" Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus."

Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

A noble Superfluity it craves,

Not for yourfelf, but for your Fools and Knaves; Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,

And which it much becomes you to forget.

^h If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleft, 95
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to Power and Place your passion lie,

If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;

Then k hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord 99

To do the Honours, and to give the Word;

Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,

To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,

Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,

Who m rules in Cornwall, or who rules in

Berks:

"This may be troublesome, is near the Chair:

"That makes three Members, this can chuse a "May'r."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest, Adopt him "Son, or Cousin at the least, Then turn about, and "laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,

If ' to live well means nothing but to eat;

Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,

Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—

So ' Russel did, but could not eat at night,

K 3 Call'd

Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.
Emtum mulus aprum. 'crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; 'remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui potior 'patria suit interdicta voluptas.

"Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque.
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

Vive,

NOTES.

VER. 117. And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.] The Poet has here, with admirable sense, and with a sublime of satire never to be equalled, exposed what he elsewhere calls,

THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH:

which, in its rage to engross all the bleffings of life, without studying to deserve any of them, not only dares suffer an honess man to continue poor, but is so horribly mean and abject as to envy him the advantages arising from his very Poverty: A degree of corruption not so rare as detestable; though it has its root in our common nature, if the Poet has not done it injustice in the description he gives of its pride and meanness:

"What would this Man? Now upward will he foar,

"And little less than Angel, would be more;
"Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
"To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears."

VER. 126. Wilmot] Earl of Rochester.

VER. 128. And SWIFT cry wifely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"] Our Poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says,

"In this impartial glass, my Muse intends Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends."

and,

Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door, And envy'd Thirst and Henger to the Poor.

Or shall we' ev'ry Decency confound,
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our
round,

Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
'K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circaean Feafts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beafts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
124
Renounce our 'Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we must with "Wilmot own,
The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;

The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone; And Swift cry wifely, "Vive la Bagatelle!" The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Adieu

NOTES

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviser fay,

" Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends be fore,

" So much the better, you may laugh the more."

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had

a great deal amis, which wanted to be fet right.

On this principle, Swift falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a Friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift, as we may see by some posthumous volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory, tristed away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be asham'd of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction; or, in K 4

Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti: fi gon, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend Virtue, and set off Truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. I chuse" (says he, in a letter to Mr. Pope) "my Compations amongst those of the least consequence, and most com-

The Man that force and Langer, much made nath of I

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A CONTROL OF THE CONT

e grand American Manager

the after all, we man with "Witness at

CALL Shi to good likewald

* Adieu—if this Advice appear the worst, 130 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first: Or better Precepts if you can impart, Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

NOTES.

"compliance: I read the most trisling Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the most trisling subipects." And again, "I love La Bagatelle better than ever. I am always writing bad Prose or worse Verses, either of RAGE or RAILLERY," etc. And again, in a Letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle."

E. VI OF HORACE. Adieu-if this Advice appear the world, I 150 E'en take the County which I gave you fad: Or better Procepts if you can import, Way do. I'll follow them with all my heart. > William while a file will be Conditions: I read the most widing Pooles I can had a count withing the to jects. And again, "I have Le dies on bester snear edilier of RAGR of RATLER V. V. And ageid, in a Let-

ADWERTISE MENT.

THE Constitute of Sirger and the Judgments part states Epide to Arger and various the Judgments of the professor Traces that I that I was the professor that the cloud of the Court of the

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF

HORACE.

This is allowed bow the larged World to have the not only probiformer of the angereral, whereas he not only probibeat allowed by the angereral, whereas he not only probibeat allowed by the event of the Civil Magifirare
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an Absolute Empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a Free People, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cause of his Cotempotaries, first against the Taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the

the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were lest on the Stage, were owing to the 111 Taste of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own Character. P.

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EPISTOLA L

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot, sustineas et tanta negotia solus, Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes, Legibus emendes; in b publica commoda peccem; Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore

Post ingentia facta, de Deorum in templa recepti,

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera

bella

Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram.
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit 'invidiam supremo sine domari.

Urit

NOTES.

Book ii. Ep. 1.] The Poet always rifes with his Original; and very often, without it. This whole Imitation is supremely noble and sublime.

VER. 7. Edward and Henry, etc.] Romulus, et Liber Pater, Ac. Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him, not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized, mankind. The Imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reason, our Poet should not have aimed at it; as he has done in the mention of Alfred.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind!

The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch,
steal

An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?

'Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more defacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories, with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,

Is finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The

NOTES.

VER. 13. Clos'd their long glories, with a figh,] The expreffion is extremely beautiful; and the ploravere judiciously placed.

VER. 16. Finds Envy never conquer'd, etc.] It hath been the common practice of those amongst us, who have distinguished

Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

- Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
- Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
- * Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

* Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,

Caetera

NOTES!

guished themselves in the learned world, to ascribe the ill treatment they have met with from those they endeavoured to oblige, to so bad a cause as envy. But surely without reafon, for we find our Countrymen of the same candid disposition with the Athenians, as Socrates describes them in the Euthyphro of Plato; They are well content (fays he) to allow the Pretenfions of reputed eminence; it is only when a man will write and presume to give a proof of it, that they grow angry. We, too, are as ready to allow the reputation of eminence, to those whose Modesty has made them decline giving us a specimen of their parts. A temper surely very distant from We should not then ascribe that violent ferment into which good men are apt to work themselves, while they struggle to suppress the reputation of him who pretends to give a proof of what they are so willing to take for granted, to any thing but an eager concern for the public welfare. Which, nothing better fecures than the speedy suppressing of Popularity; fo dangerous to the community, when joined to great Talents. SCRIBL.

The great Aleides, ev'ry Labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.

Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame *:
Whose Word is Truth, as facred and rever'd,
As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
Just

NOTES.

VER. 17. The great Alcides, This instance has not the same grace here as in the Original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux; though aukwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which yet does not equal the force of his Original.

VER. 21. Oppres'd we feel, etc.] "Les hommes, nez IN"GRATS et JALOUX" (says an ingenious French Writer, with becoming indignation) "ne pardonnent pas ceux qui prétend à leur admiration: de la mériter ils en sont un crime,
qu'ils punissent par des calomnies, des critiques ameres, et des
mépris affectez. La Posterité le vengera de ses oppresseurs,
en le comblant de louanges, tandis que ses imbécilles detracteurs, ces hommes vils, qui pour être oubliez; h'ont
pas besoin de cesser d'être, resteront pour jamais plongez
dans l'oubli."

VOL. IV.

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Aestimat; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
Temporibus desuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,

"Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia "Graiorum funt antiquissima quaeque Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur: Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri. Venimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus, atque "Psallimus, et "luctamur Achivis doctius unctis." Si "meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;

Scire

NOTES.

VER. 38. And beaftly Skelton, etc.] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, confishing almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. P.

VER. 40. Christ's Kirk of the Green; A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the Rust we value, not the Gold.

Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will sight for Christ's Kirk of the Green; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

The swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly "Greece her eldest sons admires, Why should not We be wifer than our fires? In ev'ry Public Virtue we excel;

We build, we paint, o we sing, we dance as well, And "learned Athens to our art must stoop, Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If ^q Time improve our Wit as well as Wine, Say at what age a Poet grows divine?

50

Shall

NOTES.

VER. 42. the Muses met him] This instance of the People's ill taste was both well chosen, and happily expressed. Johnson's talents were learning, judgment, and industry, rather than wit, or natural genius.

VER. 42 met him at the Devil.] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus. Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis. Est vetus atque probus, 'centum qui perficit annos. Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno, Inter quos referendus erit?' veteresne poetas, An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas? Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur 'boneste, Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudaeque pilos ut equinae .

Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;

Dum cadat elusus ratione "ruentis acervi, Qui redit in * fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis, Miraturque nihil, nisi quod 'Libitina sacravit.

Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,

Ut

NOTES.

VER. 68. Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.] The thought is beautiful, and alludes to the old practice of our Ancestors, of covering the Bier (on which the dead were carried to their interment) with Garlands. A manly and pious custom, which arose from the ancient practice of rewarding Victors; and from thence was brought into the Church, and applied to those who had fought the good fight of the Apostle.

VER. 69. Shakespear] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one, in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other, in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his Dotages. P. Dryden does, indeed, call them so, but very undescreedly.

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so, Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago? End all dispute; and fix the year precise When British Bards begin t'immortalize?

"Who lasts a 'century can have no flaw, 55

" I hold that Wit a Claffic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound? And shall we deem him 'Ancient, right and sound, Or damn to all Eternity at once,

At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;

"By courtefy of England, he may do."

Then, by the rule that made the "Horse-tail bare.

I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair, And melt "down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65 While you, to measure merits, look in * Stowe, And estimating Authors by the year, Bestow a Garland only on a 'Bier.

Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) 70

NOTES.

undefervedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Besides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor less reasonable than most of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to serve, and sew principles to go upon. This may be said as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity,

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo * promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

Naevius in manibus non est; at 'mentibus haeret

Pene recens: dadeo fanctum est vetus omne poema

Ambigitur quoties, uter utro fit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam fenis, Accius alti:

and is more for the Dicitur

NOTES.

VER. 69, etc. Shakespear - For gain, not glory, etc.] SHAKE-SPEAR knew perfectly well what belonged to a true composition, as appears from the Tempest, and the Merry Wives of Windfor. But he generally complied with the ignorance, and the ill tafte of his Audience. However, in his most irregular plays, his wit and his sublimity make amends for his transgreffion of the rules of art; and support him in that transgression. But, happily for the improvement of the Drama, he had a Competitor in Johnson, who, with a greater temptation to comply with the bad tafte of the age, had not the same force of genius to support him in it. Johnson therefore borrowed all he could from art; and, like an experienced General, when he could not depend on his natural ftrength, kept ftill behind his lines. The confequence was, that Shakespear having once tried to reform the taffe [See the first scene of the Players in Hamlet] and on failing, had complied with it, became the favourite Poet of the people; while Johnson, who, for the reason given above, could not be so complaisant, was all his life long in a state of war with them. This, and not (as is commonly supposed) the ignorance of the one, and the superior knowledge of the other, was the true cause of that difference which we find between these two Capital Writers, in the art and confiruction of their pieces. So that here, we fee, a want of sufficient natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the English stage.

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed

The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads b Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still I love the Language of his Heart.

"Yet furely, d furely, these were famous men!

- "What boy but hears the fayings of old Ben? 80
- " In all edebates where Critics bear a part,
- " Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

" Of

NOTES.

Ibid. And ev'ry Play-house bill] A ridicule on those who talk of Shakespear, because he is in fashion; who, if they dared to do justice to their taste or conscience, would own they liked Dursey better.

VER. 74. The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.] "Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea."

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded.

VER. 77. Pindaric Art, Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

VER. 81. In all debates, etc.] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 82. Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

Of Shakespear's Nature | The Author of Elements
f Criticism, speaking of a very dull passage in Shakespear's

L. 4 fecond

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; 'habet hos numeratque
poetas

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo,

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

Si h veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

Ut nihil anteserat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Si quaedam nimis i antique, si pleraque k dure

Dicere

NOTES.

fecond part of Henry IV. taken from the Chronicle, says, "Shakespear whom no particle of human nature hath escaped".

—V. i. p. 239. He had talked sense, had he said, No farticle of Holling shed.

Ver. 85. Wye'berley] The chief support of this Writer's reputation, is his famous Comedy of the Plain Dealer; which is taken from Moliere's Misanthrope. But it has so happened that while Moliere's Misanthrope is but a Plain Dealer, Wycherley's Plain Dealer is a downright Misanthrope. Whether this was owing to the different genius of the nations, or to the different judgments of the Poets, is lest for the Critics to determine.

Ibid. Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow; Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer,

" Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat." P.

" Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;

"How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what "Fletcher writ;

" How Shadwell hafty, Wycherley was flow; 85

But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.

"These, only these, support the crouded stage,

" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; ⁸ the People's Voice is odd, It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

To ^h Gammer Gurton if it give the bays, And yet deny the Careless Husband praise, Or say our Fathers never broke a rule; Why then, I say, the Public is a Fool. But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree. Spenser himself affects the ¹ Obsolete, And Sidney's verse halts ill on ^k Roman feet:

Milton's

NOTES.

VER. 91. Gammer Gurton] A piece of very low Humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P.

Ibid. To Gammer Gurton—And yet deny, etc.] i. e. If they give the Bays to one play because it is old, and deny it to another because it is new; why then, I say, the Public acts a very foolish part.

VER. 97. Spenser himself affetts the Obsolete, This is certainly true; he extended, beyond all reason, that precept of Horace,

" Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum," etc.

VER. 98. And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet :] Sir Philip Dicere cedit cos, ignava multa fatetur;

ne Pations, Southern tare and Rowe.

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo

"Non equidem insector, delendaque carmina Livi

Effe

agent bebook nor es.

Philip Sidney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse. Baif, a French Poet, in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the same thing before him, and with the same success.

VER. 102. And God the Father turns a School-divine.] Ben Johnson ridicules the humour of his age, when the audience chose to take their knowledge of English History from Shake-spear's Plays. The present fashion for Milton makes us as ready to learn our Religion from the Paradise Lost: though it be certain, he was as poor and funciful a Divine, as Shake-spear was a licentious Historian. This appears from many places of that admirable Poem. Here, he degrades the Father by making him sollow the school-systems; and in his Paradise Regain'd, he dishonours the Son, by making him the Author of the Mahometan Occonomy of grace.

" Victorious deeds

"Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while

To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;

"Then to subdue and quell o'er all the Earth

Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,

"Till truth was freed, and equity restor'd:

"Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, First

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

"And make persuasion do the work of fear;

At least to try, and teach the erring foul

"Not willingly mifdoing, but unaware

" Misled; the stubborn only to destroy.

VER. 104. Bentley] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest Wits, [P. S.] and as extravagantly seared and flattered by two of the greatest Scholars of his time, [C. H.]

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound, Now Serpent-like, in 'prose he sweeps the ground,

In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.

"Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like "flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

Or

NOTES.

will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Master both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whose Writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a fagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call Tafle, that he knew nothing of Style, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of composition. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the Style of Poetry was what he least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which fo much affifted his critical fagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision, and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whose diction he was always for reducing to the profaic rules of logical feverity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech calls verbum ardens, he was fure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical standish. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Master of all the mysteries of the ancient Rythmus.

156 IMITATIONS Book IL

Esse reor, memini quae plagosum mibi parvo
Orbilium dictare;

fed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:

Inter

NOTES.

The most important of his Works, as a scholar, is his Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris; and the least considerable, his Remarks on the Discourse concerning Free-thinking. Yet the first, with all its superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as usual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trisling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

" A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:"

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the first case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometimes mistake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment: of which, a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this instance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticism (the Answer to the Oxford writers) he bad him not be discouraged at this run upon him : for though they had got the laughers on their fide, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long against a Work of so much learning. To which the other replied, " Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. " For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himself."

Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105 At court, who hates whate'er he oread at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)

One

NOTES.

Ibid. his desp'rate book,] Alluding to the several passages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including them within hooks; some with judgment, and some without any.

VER. 108. The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease; The Poet has here very happily exemplified this envied quality of easy writing, in the turn of the verses which expose it. These Wits formed themselves, for the most part, on Suckling, a fine original genius. But on so slippery a ground it was no wonder, such Imitators should fall; and either sink his free and easy manner into insipidity; or abuse it, to ribaldry and licentiousness: They did both; till easy writing came to be defined a negligence of what they said, and how they said it. This was called writing like a Gentleman. But as fashions take their turn, Lord Shastesbury has introduced a new sort of Gentleman-like writing, which consists indeed, like the other, in a negligence of what is said, but joined to much affectation in the manner of saying it.

VER. 109. Sprat,] Rightly put at the head of the small Wits. He is now known to most advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was comprised in the well rounding of a period: For, as Seneca said of Triarius, "Compositione verborum belle cadentium multos Scholasticos delectatione verborum belle cadentium multos Scholasticos delectatione, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Westminster, but at a little country school by the Churchyard side, should at last come to be a Bishop.—But the honour of being a Westminster School-boy some have at one

Inter quae verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
Si versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuste totum ducit venitque poema.

'Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper; Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et proemia posci.

'Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attae Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner, Quae 'gravis Aesopus, quae doctus Roscius egit.

Vel

NOTES.

age, and some at another; and some all their life long. Our grateful Bishop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age.

VER. 113. gleams through many a page, The image is taken from half-form'd unripe lightening, which streams along the sky, and is just sufficient to show the deformity of those black vapours, to which it serves (as Milton expresses it) for a silver lining.

VER. 119. On Avon's bank, At Stratford in Warwickfhire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the
Original is here infinitely improved—Perambulet is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of Atta; and the compliment to the Dramatic Poet exquisitely fine, as supposing
that the power of such a genius could transfer the properties
of Elysium, (where flowers eternal blow) to the banks of the
Ayon.

VER. 121. One Tragic sentence if I dare deride] When Writers of our Author's rank have once effectually exposed turgid

One Simile, that p folitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or plengthen'd Thought that gleams through
many a page,

Has fanctify'd whole poems for an age.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,

When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;

While if our Elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

'On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow?

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which 'Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or

NOTES.

turgid expression, and reduced it to its just value, which, hitherto, the small Critics had mistaken for the sublime, these latter are now apt to suspect all they do not understand to be bombast: like the Idiot, in Cervantes, who having been beat for not distinguishing between a Cur and a Greyhound, imagined every dog he met to be a Cur-dog. So our learned Laureat will needs imitate his betters; and dare to deride too, with the best. "In what raptures (says he) have I seen an audience, at the surious sustain, and turgid rants of Nat. Lee's Alexander the Great. Let me give you a sample.

Alexander, in a full croud of courtiers, fays,

When Glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granic flood;

When Fortune's felf my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;

When the Immortals on the billows rode,

" And I myself appear'd the leading God."

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt, Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam

NOTES.

If this passage has merit, let us see what figure it would " make upon canvas; what fort of picture would arise from it. If Le Brun had feen this lofty description, what one image could he have possibly taken from it? In what co-" lours could he have shewn us Glory perch'd upon a beaver? " How could he have drawn Fortune trembling? Or indeed what use could he have made of pale Fates, or Immortals et riding upon billows, with this bluftering God of his own " making at the head of them?" Apol. for his Life, p. 88. Ed. Oct .- If the Audience were in raptures, I admire their good Tafte; for, I think, these fix lines are as truly sublime as any thing we have in the English language. But the Critic is for having the images they convey transferred upon canvas. And, it must be owned, this is no ill test of distinguishing found from sense. He is indeed a little mistaken in his painter, as the Connoisseurs will tell him. For this subject demands the genius of a Rubens rather than of Le Brun. And, from fuch a one, he might have a very good picture for his money. He feems not to have reflected, that Fortune and the Fates, though imaginary, are yet personified Beings. And Glory, here, is fomething more substantial; for by the line,

When Glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood," etc. is meant, that Glory appeared, in the shape of an Eagle, on his crest.

The truth is, these six lines, unluckily for the Laureat's Criticism, contain not only the most fublime, but the most judicious imagery that Poetry could conceive or paint. The

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims, (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)

How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125

And swear all shame is lost in George's Age!

You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,

Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

Who

NOTES.

first line alludes to the tradition of an eagle's hovering over Alexander's head, at the Battle of Arbela, as a presage of Victory; Lee, I suppose, might think himself at liberty to transfer it to the passage of the Granicus; and this he has made the ground of his fine imagination, of Glory in the shape of an Eagle; in the style of Homer, who represents Terror, Affright, and a number of such fantastic Beings; swarming on the crests of his heroes.

The representing Fortune, in the third line, as his standardbearer, is very happy. It is not only in the true spirit of poetry, but it gives us a just idea of the nature of his Asiatic expedition, and the making her tremble, as she displayed it, in the passage of Granicus, a right notion of the exceeding rashness

of that adventure.

The fourth line greatly heightens all these images, by making the Fates themselves (who had destined the Persian empire to destruction, and called Alexander out of Greece to execute their decrees) as half afraid that this desperate Mad-

man would frustrate their purpose.

But the sublime of the two last verses exceeds all the rest. They are a beautiful allusion to the battle of Scamander in Homer, where Achilles led on the Gods themselves to the destruction of Troy, through the billows of that river, which opposed their passage. And the exquisite judgment of the Poet in this allusion is understood by those who have heard, that Achilles was Alexander's model of Heroism; and Homer his favourite Historian. Lastly, as to the propriety of Alex-Vol. IV.

Jam " Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud, Quod mecum ignorat, folus vult scire videri; Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis, Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

*Quod fi tam Graecis novitas invifa fuiffet,

Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet.

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

Ut

NOTES.

ander's thus extolling his own actions, the Poet is justified by Q. Curtius, from whom we learn that it was his custom.

From what has been faid, we may collect, how dangerous it is for a Writer to give his opinion out of his own Profesfion, how well foever he may fucceed within it. For this justice is due to the Laureat, that that part of his book where he has drawn the characters of the fet of Players on whom he formed himself, or whom he emulated, and that, with a performance equal to the best of theirs, is indeed (bating the fingularity of his phrase) a Master-piece in its kind. So necessary was that ancient direction

" Quam quisque norit artem, in hac se exerceat."

VER. 122. With Betterton's grave action dignify'd, Or well-mouth'd Booth-]

The epithet gravis, when applied to a Tragedian, fignifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word grave: nothing being more destructive of his character than ranting, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet well-mouth'd, a term of the chase, here applied to his succesfor, was not given without a particular defign, and to infinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their perWho fcorn a Lad should teach his father skill, And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130 He, who to seem more deep than you or I, Extols old Bards, "or Merlin's Prophecy, Mistake him not; he envies, not admires, And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

* Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?

În

NOTES.

performances, as there is between scientific music and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to Betterton, as the earliest of our Author's friends; whom he no less esteemed (as Cicero did Roscius) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a third accomplished Actor*: the present ornament of the English Theatre.

* Mr. Garrick.

VER. 124. a muster-roll of Names] An abfurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer Proper Names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the Player.

P.

VER. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as Ver. 133

VER. 138. By learned Gritics, of the mighty Dead?] A ridicule on the tribe of learned Critics, who think all Writers, but the ancient, unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a fatire, whose subject is the unreasonable fondness for antiquity in general.

"Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa; Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit * equorum.

Marmoris

NOTES.

VER. 140 with Charles reflor'd; He fays properly, reflor'd, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

VER. 143. in Horsemanship t'excel,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by Persons of Quality. P.—How deep this infection then reached, may be seen (but not without surprize) from the samous George Lord Digby's translating the three first books of Cassandra. Neither Philosophy, Public Business, nor the Bigotry of Religion could keep him (when the folly was become fashionable) from an amusement sit only for boys and girls.

VER. 146. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.] The rife and progress of the several branches of literary science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongst us, is least attended to. This of fictitious history, or the Fable, is not below our notice.—The close connection which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, strongly inclines us to turn our attention on human affairs, in preference to most other pursuits, and eagerly to wait the course and issue of them. But as the progress of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy our impatience, by the invention of history. Which, by recording the principal circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together in a continued narration, kept the mind

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our fatisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess; so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too insipid, to a

from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its restections.

afte

In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd; 140 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd, "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd." Then Peers grew proud in 'Horsemanship t'excel, New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell: The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

Then

NOTES.

taste stimulated by the luxury of art: Men wanted something of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false

provocative of inchantment and prodigies.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to fee, that too eager a pursuit after adventures had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, MAN and his ways, into the fairy walks of Phantoms and Chimeras. And now, those who had run furthest after these delusions, were the first to stop short and recover themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its Novelty, was of Spanish invention. These presented us with something of humanity; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before had been conducted by Necromancy, fo all, now, was managed by intrigue. And though this humanity had indeed a kind of life, it had, yet, as in its infancy, nothing of manners. On which account, those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, grew, however, disgusted at the dryness of the Conduct, and want of ease in the Catastrophe.

The avoiding of these desects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the French, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which, some celebrated story of antiquity was so disguised by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagancies, Love and Honour fupplied

M 3

Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit; Suspendis b picta vultum mentemque tabella; Nunc c tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis:

Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans, Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

Romae

NOTES.

fupplied the place of Life and Manners. But the over refinement of Platonic fentiments always finks into the dregs of the gentle passion. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it, in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryness of the Spanish intrigue, and the extravagance of the French Heroism, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of Faste.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely obliged) hit upon the true secret by which alone a deviation from fact and reality, in the commerce of Man, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this species of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, stand the foremost. And by entiching it with the best part of the Comic art, may be said to have brought it to its persection. But the rage of appetite for these amusements, which succeeded, and the monstrous things that now serve for our entertainment, will put us in mind of a story, which Plutarch tells of Caesar: who observing certain Barbarians at Rome, caressing young puppydogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque refemblances.—Yet amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we have been lately entertained with what I will venture to call, a Master-piece, in the Fable; and of a new species

Then Marble, foften'd into life, grew warm, And yielding Metal flow'd to human form: Lely on banimated Canvas stole The fleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150 No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport, The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court: On 'each enervate ftring they taught the note To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away. Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate; Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State; Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws; Effects unhappy! from a Noble Caufe. 160

Time

cies likewife. The piece I mean, is, THE CASTLE OF OT-RANTO. The scene is laid in Gothic Chivalry. Where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the Author to go beyond his subject, and effect the full purpose of the ancient Tragedy, that is, to purge the passions by pity and terror, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the best Dramatic Writers.

VER. 149. Lely on animated Canvas Stole-The Seepy Eye, etc.] This was the characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression; who was an excessive Manierest.

VER. 153. On each enervate string, etc.] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera fung in England. P.

VER. 158. Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;] The first half of Charles the Second's Reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners; the other half, in factious disputes about popish plots and French prerogative.

MA

Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;

Scriptos nominibus rectis expendere nummos;

Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno

Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi

Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

Invenior Parthis mendacior; et prius orto

Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

Navem

NOTES.

VER. 160. Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.] i. e. The love of Liberty-Mr. Voltaire, while in England, writes thus to a friend in Paris-" I had a mind at first to print our poor Henry at my own expences in London: but the loss of my "money is a fad stop to my design. I question if I shall " try the way of Subscriptions by the favour of the Court. "I am weary of Courts. All that is King, or belongs to a King, frights my republican Philosophy. I wont drink the " least draught of Slavery in the Land of Liberty. I have se written freely to - and I will always do fo, having no rea-" fon to lay myself under any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from your Country: all that I wish for, is to see you one day here. I am entertaining myself with this pleasant "hope. If it is but a dream, let me enjoy it: don't undeceive me: let me believe I shall have the pleasure to see you in London, drawing up the strong spirit of this unaccountable Nation. You will translate their thoughts better when you live amongst them. You will " fee a Nation fond of their Liberty, learned, witty, de-" spifing

'Time was, a fober Englishman would knock His fervants up, and rife by five o'clock, Inftruct his Family in ev'ry rule, And fend his Wife to church, his Son to school. To worship like his Fathers, was his care; To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir; To prove, that Luxury could never hold; And place, on good 8 Security, his Gold. Now times are chang'd, and one h Poetic Itch Has feiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays, Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays, To Theatres, and to Rehearfals throng, And all our Grace at table is a Song. I, who so oft renounce the Muses, i lie, 175 Not -'s felf e'er tells more Fibs than I; When fick of Muse, or follies we deplore, And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more; We wake next morning in a raging fit, And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. He

NOTES.

[&]quot; fpising Life and Death, a nation of Philosophers. Not but that there are some sools in England. Every Country has

[&]quot;its madmen. It may be, French folly is pleafanter than

[&]quot; English madness, but by — English Wisdom and English "Honesty is above yours." MS. Eng. Lett. Off. 15, 1726.

VER. 180. to show our Wit.] The force of this consists in the ambiguity—To shew how constant we are to our resolutions—or, to shew what fine verses we can make.

* Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum aegro

Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,

Promittunt 'medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

"Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

"Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas

Virtutes habeat, fic collige: vatis o avarus

Non temere est animus: P versus amat, hoc studet unum;

Detrimenta, ⁴ fugas servorum, incendia ridet; Non * fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam Pupillo; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo *;

Militiae

E

1

NOTES.

VER. 181. He ferv'd, etc.] To the simple elegance of the Original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vivacity, without departing from the sidelity of a translation.

VER. 182. Ward] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

Ibid. Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop; It was the Poet's purpose to do Mr. Ward honour, in assigning to him that medical Aphorism of regular practice,

" Periculum faciamus in corpore vili." SCRIBL.

Ver. 183, 184. Ev'n Radeliff's Doctors travel first to France,

Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.]

By no means an infinuation as if the travelling Doctors had mispent their time. Radeliff had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each Country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing. The

Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop; Ev'n 'Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France, Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance. Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile) But " those who cannot write, and those who can, All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, "reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State;
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely "Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his "plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
"Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind. 196
To 'cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his 'diet. 200
Of

NOTES.

native commodity of France is DANCING. Mercurialis gives the Gymnastics, of which Dancing is part, a necessary place amongst the non-naturals (by which term the Physicians mean air, exercise, diet, etc. as if the natural way of living in health was by physic) and the dignity and eminence of this part of that Gymnastics is learnedly and elaborately explained in that curious Dissertation on Dancing, in the 13th chap. of the 2d Vol. of the Lie of King David.

SCRIBL.

1

'Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi; Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari; "Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

Torquet

NOTES.

VER. 201. Of little use, etc.] There is a poignancy in the following vertes, which the Original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. And (the no Soldier)] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (non bene relicia parmula) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: Vivit siliquis et pane secundo, has a relation to his Epicurism: Os tenerum pueri, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet sollows; Torquet ab obsernis—Mox etiam pecsus—Recte facta refert, etc. which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself, He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

VER. 213, 214. Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days, Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;

The sudden stop after mentioning the name of Dryden has a great beauty. The Poet's tenderness for his Master is expressed in the second line by making his case general; and his bonour for him, in the first line, by making his case particular, as the only one that deserved pity.

VER. 215. excuse some Courtly stains] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his Cato, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer

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t

Of little use the Man you may suppose, Who fays in verse what others fay in prose; Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight, And (' tho' no Soldier) useful to the State. "What will a Child learn fooner than a fong? 205 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue? What's long or short, each accent where to place, And speak in public with some fort of grace. I scarce can think him such a worthless thing, Unless he praise some Monster of a King; 210. Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport, To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court. Unhappy Dryden! --- In all Charles's days, Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays; And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215 No whiter page than Addison remains.

He,

NOTES.

his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice; and seemed disposed to follow it. But soon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However he assured Mr. Pope, that it was with no Party views; and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly assaid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request, wrote the samous Prologue to it, and had said,

Torquet " ab obscoenis jam nunc sermonibus au-

rem;

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis, Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;

Recte

I

I

NOTES.

66 Britons, ARISF, be worth like this approv'd, 66 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd."

he was much troubled; faid it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to Britons, attend,—though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the succession, Mr. Addison thought sit to make a merit of Cato, as purposely and directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner,

"The Muse, that oft with facred raptures fir'd

"Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd;
And, boldly rising for Britannia's Laws,

" Ingag'd great CATO in her country's cause;

" On you submissive waits."

VER. 216. No whiter page than Addison remains.] Mr. Addison's literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worse Critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of men and books superficial. But, in the pleasantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as she had done once before in Lucian (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a right use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

VER. 217. He, from the taste obscene, etc.] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

" torquet ab obscoenis."

and

He, "from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse ingrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."

Behold

NOTES.

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the Tatlers, Spellaters, and Guardians; the Character of which is given in the preceding note. But the excellence of the papers called the Speciator, may be best gathered from their breaking through party-madness, at their birth, and, like the infant Hercules, in the fable of the two Snakes, strangling the rage both of the Whig and Tory papers. The fact is too important not to be delivered to posterity. Swift had enstamed partyrage into madness, by his Examiners, where all the Heads of the Whig interest found their characters torn in pieces, and treated in the most cruel and unjust manner. The Tatler, till then the delight of the Public, was no longer heard; and the efforts of Steel's indiscreet zeal to turn it into a partypaper, did not succeed. So the Tatler soon became filent, as no longer inspired by Mr. Addison, who disliked that foolish attempt. But relying on his strength, and supported by the honesty of his intentions, he resolved to try whether it was possible to soften the savage rage of Party, by calling off the public attention to it, and fixing it on those amiable lucubrations, with a few of which, the world had been so lately charmed in the Tatler. It was this, and, at the same time, to keep his friend Steel out of mischief, which made him espouse the projected paper of the Speciator. His constant assistance in it had a wonderful effect. It was indeed the full effort of the finest and most original genius in this way of writing. Yet whoever now reflects upon the success at that

Recte facta refert; 'orientia tempora notis

Instruit exemplis; 'inopem solatur et aegrum.

Castis cum 'pueris ignara puella mariti

Disceret unde 'preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?

Poscit opem chorus, et praesentia numina sentit;

Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;

Avertit morbos, 'metuenda pericula pellit;

Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.

Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati, Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo

d Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

Corpus

NOTES.

critical juncture, cannot be less struck with it than men were at that time. Swift, as appears by his Letters lately published, was surprized at the extraordinary success. It mortified his pride, that Mr. A. could draw the public attention from party-matters, when managed by him, where he shone without a rival. He frequently drops hints of his uneasiness that Whigs and Tories were unanimous in the applauses they gave to the Speciator; and invidiously represents it as a woman's paper, and patronised chiefly by the Ladies.

VER. 226. the Idiot and the Poor.] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for affifting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.

P.

VER. 229. Not but there are, etc.] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to Ver. 240. Yet the noble fobriety of the Original, or, at least, the appearance of fobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a Taste greatly superior to it.

Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor, 226 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn, And ftretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.

Not but there are, who merit other palms; Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms: The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains, Implore your help in these pathetic strains: 232 How could Devotion touch the country pews, Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?

Verse chears their leisure, Verse assists their work, Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.

The filenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that Grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And 'Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our rural Ancestors, with little blest, Patient of labour when the end was rest, Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain, With feasts, and off rings, and a thankful strain:

The

NOTES.

VER. 230. Sternhold] One of the Versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his Church History, says he was esteemed an excellent Poet.

VER. 241. Our rural Ancestors, etc.] This is almost lite-

Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem
Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge sida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
'Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: godonec jam saevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam

Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

*Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit

NOTES.

ral; and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much admired in these Imitations, owe less to the Liberty of imitating, than to the superior genius of the Imitator.

VER. 259. Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side, etc.] These two lines (notwithstanding the reservece) are an addition to the Original. They seemed necessary to complete the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be seen to make much for the Poet's argument, viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the protestion of the Magistrate. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he resselted on it.

The joy their wives, their fons, and fervants share, Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246 The laugh, the jeft, attendants on the bowl, Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry foul: With growing years the pleasing Licence grew, And Taunts alternate innocently flew. But Times corrupt, and 8 Nature, ill-inclin'd, Produc'd the point that left a sting behind; Till friend with friend, and families at strife, Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life. Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm. 256 At length, by wholesome h dread of statutes bound, The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound: Most warp'd to 'Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice.

Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

* We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain

NOTES.

VER. 263. We conquer'd France, etc.] The inflance which the Author here gives, to answer that in the Original, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our N 2 political

Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille

Desluxit 'numerus Saturnius, et grave virus

Munditiae pepulere: sed in longum tamen aevum

Manserunt, hodieque manent, "vestigia ruris.

Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;

Et post "Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,

Quod "Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile

ferrent:

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset: Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer: Nam pripirat tragicum satis, et seliciter audet: Sed turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.

Creditur.

NOTES.

political intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the *Provincial* Poets; and produced *Chaucer*. I only wonder, when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use it, to paraphrase the sense of

" Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus

" Munditiae pepulere."

VER. 267. Waller was fmooth; Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

VER. 269. Energy divine.] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, occasioned

Britain to foft refinements less a foe,

Ep. L

265

Wit grew polite, and 1 Numbers learn'd to flow.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,

The long majestic March, and Energy divine.

Tho' still some traces of our "rustic vein, 270 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,

When the tir'd Nation "breath'd from civil war.

Exact o Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,

Show'd us that France had fomething to admire.

Not but the P Tragic spirit was our own, 276

And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,

And 4 fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280

The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.

Some

NOTES.

casioned these perpetual encomiums; which have preserved his Master from falling into neglect, and have even raised his reputation higher than ever. Cicero did the same grateful office to Crassius and Antonius, to whom he had the same obligations. One of the principal reasons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his samous Dialogue de Oratore is, " ut laudem eorum jam prope senescentem quantum ego possem (says he) ab oblivione hominum, atque a silentio vindicarem deberi hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.—"

VER. 280. Ev'n copious Dryden—] Copious aggravated the fault. For when a Writer has great stores, he is inexcusable not to discharge the easy task of chusing from the best.

Creditur, ex 'medio quia res arcessit, habere Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comoedia tanto Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. 'aspice, Plautus Quo pacto 'partes tutetur amantis ephebi,

Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiofi:

Quantus sit Dossennus " edacibus in parasitis;

Quam " non astricto percurrat pulpita socco.

Gestit enim * nummum in loculos demittere; post

hoo

Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,

Exanimat

NOTES.

VER. 282. Some doubt, etc.] In Tragedy it is the actions and in Comedy they are the manners, which most engage our attention. But it is easier to direct and conduct an action, than to draw and colour manners. Besides, the general ignorance of Courts makes falle manners in Tragedy escape unobserved; but unnatural action in Comedy lies hid from nobody. Hence it is, that the difficulty of succeeding lies on the fide of the comic writer. To support these observations, let me alk from whence arises our disgust, when the scene in Comedy is laid abroad, and that of Tragedy at home. It appears, at first fight, whimsical and capricious, but has its foundation in nature. What we chiefly feek in Comedy is a true image of life and manners; but we are not eafily brought to think we have it given us, when dreffed in foreign modes and fashions. And yet a good writer must follow his scene, and observe decorum. On the contrary, it is the action in Tragedy which most engages our attention. But to fit a doSome doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The 'humble Muse of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if 'Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how "loosely does Astrea tread, 290
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky "eat with vast applause!
But fill their * purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom 'Vanity's light bark conveys On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,

With

NOTES.

mestic occurrence for the stage, we must take greater liberties with the action than a well-known story will allow. Not but perhaps another reason might be given for our disapprobation of this inverted state of the scene. Comedy deals much in Satire; Tragedy in Panegyric: and our natural malignity will more easily suffer us to find the ridiculous at home, than the beroic.

VER. 290. Astrea] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authores of several obscene Plays, etc. P.

Ibid. The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,] The fine metaphor, of non astricto, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word loosely.

VER. 296. Oh you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys] The N 4 Metaphor Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis
avarum

Bubruit, ac reficit: * valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

*Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores, Indocti, stolidique, et bepugnare parati Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt Aut cursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.

Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas

Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas; Dum fugiunt equitum turmae, peditumque catervae:

Mox

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NOTES.

Metaphor is fine; but inferior to the Original, in many re-

" Ventoso gloria curru,"

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more ferious light, as representing the Poet a Slave to, and Attendant on, Fame or Glory,

"Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria."
as was the custom in their Triumphs. In other respects

With what a shifting gale your course you ply, For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, b to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords:
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which slies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back sty the scenes, and enter soot and horse; 315
Pageants

NOTES.

the imitation has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to Triumph, but to try his fortune. However,

" Who pants for Glory," etc.

is much fuperior to the Original.

VER. 313. From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.]
From Plays to Operas, and from Operas to Pantomimes.

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61

Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis; Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves; Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus. 'Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; feu Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo, Sive ⁸ elephas albus vulgi converteret ora. Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis, Ut fibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura: Scriptores autem harrare putaret afello Fabellam surdo. nam quae pervincere voces Evaluere fonum, referunt quem nostra theatra? Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum. Tantum cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes, Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus m oblitus actor Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera laevae. Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo? Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac

NOTES.

VER. 319. Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P.

Ibid. Old Edward's Armour, etc.] Descriptive Poetry is the Jowest work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himself

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn, Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn: The Champion too! and, to complete the jeft. Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaft. With 'laughter fure Democritus had dy'd, 320 Had he beheld an Audience gape fo wide. Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white, The People, fure, the People are the fight! Ah luckless Poet! ftretch thy lungs and roar, That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325 While all its 'throats the Gallery extends, And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends! Loud as the Wolves, on 'Orcas' flormy steep, Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep. Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's 'petticoat; Or when from Court a birth-day fuit bestow'd, Sinks the "lost Actor in the tawdry load. Booth enters, - hark! the Universal peal! "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335 "What shook the stage, and made thepeople stare?" "Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet

NOTES.

himself in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with some moral stroke or other.

VER. 328. Orcas' flormy fleep, The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta; o meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis.

Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt, Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam impende brevem: fi 4 munus Apolline dignum

Vis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar, Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

'Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae, (Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum 'Solicito damus, aut fesso: cum laedimur, 'unum Si quis amicorum est ausus reprendere versum:

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VER. 347. To Thebes, to Athens, etc.] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people; and has the skill to employ thosemanners with decorum.

VER. 354. a Library Munus Apolline dignum. The Parlatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

VER. 355. Merlin's Cave] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books, P.

EP. I.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
'Tis he, 'who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

P But not this part of the Poetic state,
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet? 355
MyLiege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season, when to come, and when to go, 360
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A' single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
Repeat

Cum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Cum lamentamur non apparere labores
Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo;
Cum speramus co rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos singere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
Sed tamen est perae pretium cognoscere, quales
Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetae.

Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos. Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine soedo Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit, Edicto vetuit, ne quis se praeter Apellem Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera.

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NOTES

VER. 380.—1. Charles, to late times, etc.] In the third volume of the Catholic Church History of England, printed at Brussels 1742, F. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent. "Before Panzani set out on his journey (to England) which was about the year 1635, her Majesty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini; wherein, amongst other things, she desired he would use his interest with the samous Sculptor Cavalier Bernini, that he would cut two Busses; one of the King, the other of hersels: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alledging that

Repeat "unask'd; lament, "the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet' think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the 2 Laureat's weighty place.

'Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

And

NOTES.

her Husband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no present could be more acceptable to him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refused the like favour to Cardinal Richlieu, who desired his own Busto from the same hand. But Barberini's reputation and address prevailed upon him to grant the request. I mention this Busto upon account of the extraordinary circumstances which attended it; some whereof are taken notice of by our Historians: But what I shall further relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to

"which he was to form the King's Busto, he observed such melancholic lines, that they in a manner spoke some dismal

fate that would befall the person it represented. And this

" he fignified to those who were present." P. 38.

Fortis ' Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad

NOTES.

VER. 385. But Kings in Wit may want difcerning Spirit.] This is not to be wondered at, fince the Sacerdotal character has been separated from the Regal. This discerning of Spirits now feems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch. which the following instance will put out of doubt. famous Hugo Grotius had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his Rescripts to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been fent over to England by the States. "You must take heed how you trust 66 Doctor Grotius too far, for I perceive him to be so " ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS. CE THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by reason of his e good Latin tongue, he was fo tedious and full of tittletattle, that the KING's judgment was of him, that he was fome PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDG-46 habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him fo long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or elfe he would make the King weary of him. This did not take place, but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Case faubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him to stay to supes per, which he did. There was present Dr. Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some question of that profession; and was so full of words, that Dr. se Steward afterwards told my Lord, That he did perceive by es bim, that, like a SMATTERER, he had fludied some two or three questions; whereof when he came in company he must be talking, to vindicate his skill; but if he were put from those he would shew himself but a SIMPLE FELLOW. There was " prefent

And great b Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
The

NOTES.

" present also Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he falleth in also, about some of those questions, which are now controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland; and being matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill concerning them. My Lord of Ely sitting still at the Supper all the while, and wondering what a man he had there, who never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time. I write this unto you so largely, that you may know the disposition of the man: and how kindly he used my Lord of Ely for his good Entertainment." Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 459.

Seriously, my Lord of Ely's case was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for as exposed as their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A fecond Grotius, for aught I know, may be as far off as a fecond Century of my Lords of Ely. - But it was enough that this simple fellow was an Arminian and a Republican, to be despised by Abbot and his Master. For in the opinion of these great judges of merit, Religion and Society could not subsist without PRE-DESTINATION and ARBITRARY Power.-However this discerning spirit, it is certain, had not lest L. when the grave Historian Anthony Wood was so hospitably entertained there. Who in the journal of his life under the year 1671, tells the following story: " I and John Echard, the Author of the " Contempt of the Clergy, dined with A bp. Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbishop had withdrawn and selected his company, I was called into the withdrawing-room, and

" Echard was left behind to go drink and smoke with the Chaplains." So well adjusted was this respect of persons; Vol. IV. Chard, Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares; Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt, Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;]

Nec magis expressi d' vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent, nec sermones ego mallèm
Repentes per humum, quam res componere gestas,
Terrarumque situs et slumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et barbara regna, tuisque
Auspiciis totum consecta duella per orbem,
Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Jánum,
Et formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque, sed neque

Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.

Sedulitas

NOTES

Echard, the wittiest man of the age, was very fitly lest to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all peradventure the dullest, was called in to enjoy the conversation of his Grace.

VER. 405. And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: Archbishop Tillotson hath said, "That satire and invective were the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find sault. For wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, requires great art

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles, One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;

Which made old Ben, and furly Dennis swear, "No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."

Not with fuch a majesty, such bold relief, 390
The Forms august, of King, or conquiring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Maeonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you
fought!

Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!

How barb'rous rage fubfided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the
fword!

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,

Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in
sleep;

401

Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And 'Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But 'Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:

405

The

NOTES.

[&]quot; art and dexterity. To praise any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuse; a little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire, but

Sedulitas autem 'sfulte, quem diligit, urget;
Praecipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis "deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
Nil moror" officium, quod me gravat: ac neque

In ° pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave sactis decorari versibus opto:
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

the greatest instance of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well fay, that Satire was the most difficult, and Panegyric the most easy of all performances; for that any barber-surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and lay open the interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do ill, and as difficult

t of much united to the eventual and the state of a decided and a state of the court of the state of the stat

The Zeal of 'Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and if lies,
Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Bestringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

NOTES.

difficult to do well, as the other. In our Author's Essay on the Characters of Men, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the Satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more readily received: but this does not shew that it is more easily written.

TOXADE TO amin's a Challetta Continue to be Tent Length of cristing last are the indiance of correct Labo absence with a mail to AND MORE WHITE A STREET OF THE out the side of a second to be Walter In the ending when the process in Market in Angelia of a little building without the formation of the trial property Commence of the first series in the first series of the Control of the Contro Committee and the state of the control of the contr American service and an including a service of the con-Address of the Total State of the + 1787 7 10 2617 M. more and Heat week side a place of the same of the

THE SECONDEPISTLE
OF THE SECOND BOOK OF
HORACE.

VEHCLEATING

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

b Si quis forte velit puerum tibi venere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: " Hic et

- "Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
- " Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
- " Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
- "Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
- " Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
- " Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
- " Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo
- " Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
- " Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in aere.
- " Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi; non te-

" Quivis

NOTES.

VER. 4. This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

VER. 15. But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?] The numbers well express the unwillingness of parting with what one can but ill spare.

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

Servet liders ! (Sixel his dell'in il. es futting)

b A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy, Bows and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

- "Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
- " My only fon, I'd have him fee the world:
- " His French is pure; his Voice too-you shall "hear.
- " Sir, he's your flave, for twenty pound a year.
- " Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
- "Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you "please:
- " A perfect genius at an Op'ra-fong---
- " To fay too much, might do my honour wrong.
- " Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
- " His whole ambition was to ferve a Lord;
- " But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
- "Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
- " Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
- " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
- " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
- " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20

- " Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
- " In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
- "Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit."
 - 'Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

'Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea saevus
Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem

Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et
hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer, Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,

Summe

NOTES.

VER. 24. I think Sir Godfrey] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

VER. 33. In Anna's Wars, etc] Many parts of this flory are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original.

'If, after this, you took the graceless lad, Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd fo bad? Faith, in fuch case, if you should prosecute, I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit: Who fent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, And punish'd him that put it in his way. 26

Consider then, and judge me in this light; I told you when I went, I could not write; You faid the fame; and are you discontent With Laws, to which you gave your own affent? Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time! D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

'In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold: Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, He flept, poor dog! and loft it, to a doit. This put the man in fuch a desp'rate mind, Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

" Pro-

NOTES.

VER. 37. This put the man, etc.] Much below the Original,

"Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti "Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer."

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.

Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere praetor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem

Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere
mentem:

I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto, Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas? Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit, "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.

Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri, Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

Adjecere

NOTES.

VER. 43. Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.] For the sake of a stroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which, the turn of the story depends. Hosace avoided it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.] This has neither the force nor the justness of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit."

for it was not his poverty, but his loss, that pushed him upon danger; many being sufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the sudden change of condition occasioned by losses. What betray'd our Poet into this inaccuracy of expression was, it's suiting better with the application. But, in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And such should not forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys sit both the tale and the application: for then they resect mutual light upon one another.

"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd, Gave him much praise, and some reward beside. Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter; (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter) 45 "Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!

" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!

" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave." Don't you remember what reply he gave?

" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, fuch a fot? 50

"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

f Bred up at home, full early I begun, To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' fon.

Befides,

NOTES

VER. 52. Bred up at home, etc.] The Reader may possibly have a curiofity to know fomething more of Mr. Pope's education than what this verse tells him; and though much more would be too trifling to enter into a just volume of his life, it may do no dishonour to one of these cursory notes. He was taught his letters very early by an Aunt; and from thence, to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learned to write of himself, by copying after printed books, whose characters he brought himself to imitate in great perfection. At eight, he was put under one Taverner, a Priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: From him, in a little time, he was fent to a private school at Twiford near Winchester, Here, he continued about a year; and was then removed to another, near Hydepark Corner. Under these two last Masters, he lost the little he had got under the Priest. At twelve, he went with his Father into the Forest; where he was, for a few months, under another Priest; and with as little success as before. For, as

Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:

Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere reclum,

Atque inter filvas Academi quaerere verum.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;

Civilifque

NOTES.

he used to say, he never could learn any thing which he did not purfue with pleasure. And these miserable pedants had not the art of making his studies an amusement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this finall stock, so hardly picked up, so easily lost, and recovered (as we shall see) with so much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own mafter. And now the only method of study he prescribed to himself was reading those classic writers, who afforded him most entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the subject, with a strong appetite for Knowledge, and an equal paffion for Poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of restraint, in the usual forms, did not hinder his subjecting himself, now he was his own mafter, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar and Lexicon. By the time he was fifteen, he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages; when a ftrong fancy came into his head to remove to London to learn French and Italian. His Family (whose only object was the preservation of his miserably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he perfifted in it, and they gave way: to town he came, and maftered those two languages with surprizing dispatch. whole treasure of Parnassus now lay open to him: and between this and his twentieth year, his constant employment was reading the most considerable Poets and Critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. But, all this, without much order; as chance threw them in his

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad: 55
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust: 61

Hopes

NOTES.

way, or the caprice of defultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curiofity or amusement, made him always speak of these four or five

years as the most pleasurable part of his life.

Yet his true understanding would not allow him to continue long easy under so defective an education. For a vast memory and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniencies, made him but the more fensible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuofity of his spirits began to permit his genius to be put under restraint, he went over all the parts of his education a-new, from the very beginning; and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reasons of speech; he learnt to diffinguish the several species of style; he studied the peculiar genius and character of each language; he reduced his natural talent for Poetry to a science; and mastered those parts of Philosophy which would most contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with fuch continued attention, labour, and feverity, that he used to say, he had been seven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-feven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice that time.

VER. 53. To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.] This circumstance has a happier application in the imitation than in the original; and properly introduces the 68th verse.

Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,

Caefaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni

Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax

Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,

Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutae,

Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

* Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;

Eripuere

NOTES.

VER. 65. He fluck to poverty with peace of mind.] There was something very singular in the Oeconomy of Mr. Pope's Father. He was a Merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he lest off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fisteen and twenty thousand pounds; with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papist, he could not purchase, nor put his money to interest on real security; and as he adhered to the interests of King James, he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new Government: so he kept it in his chest; and lived upon the Principal; till, by that time his son came to the succession, it was almost all fairly spent.

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd, While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.

For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) fince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years following years, steal something ev'ry day, At last they steal us from ourselves away;

In

NOTES.

VER. 68. But (thanks to Homer) etc.] He began the Iliad at twenty-five, and finished it in five years. It was published for his own benefit by subscription. He sold it to Lintot the Bookseller, on the sollowing terms, twelve hundred pounds paid down, and all the Books for his Subscribers. The Odysfey was published in the same manner, and sold on the same conditions; except only that instead of twelve he had six hundred pounds. He was assisted in this latter work by Broome and Fenton; to the first of whom he gave six hundred pounds; and to the other, three hundred.

VER. 69. Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive, Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and consequently reslects back part of it on the Subscribers, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

VER. 70. Monroes, Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam, Hospital.

VER. 73. At last they steal us from ourselves away;] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

VOL. IV.

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;

Ille Bioneis fermonibus, et fale nigro.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

Praeter caetera me Romaene poemata censes Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores? Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic

NOTES.

VER. 83. and that Pindaric lays?] Of our modern Lyric Roetry, the English is Pindaric, and the Latin, Horatian. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and slavours, but all insipid: The other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicey taste, and equally high-slavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's sense; whereas the Latin employ the very words of Horace.

VER. 87. Oldfield—Dartineuf] Two celebrated gluttons.

—This inflance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as intimating that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend: 75
This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stand still?

But after all, what would you have me do? When out of twenty I can please not two; 81 When this Heroics only deigns to praise, Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays? One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg; The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests, When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:

In

NOTES.

VER. 90. or felf, or foul] Self is here used for body (in the language of men of the world, who, at best, regard their souls but as a kind of second self) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. A Poet begs me I will hear him read:] Our Austhor intended a joke under the ambiguity of this common phrase, of hearing him read.

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum
"Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obstet."

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

* I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnisamat nemus, et sugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

'Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas, Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque

Libris

NOTES.

VER. 104. Have you not feen, etc.] The fatirical pleasantly of this image, and the humorous manner of representing it, raises the Imitation, in this place, far above the Original.

VER. 113. Would drink and doze, etc.] This has not the de-

licacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity of

where the Intemperance of Poets is not the obvious, but the fecret meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the Drama as well as of the Bottle; and Sleep was courted for inspiration, as well as to relieve a debauch.

Ibid. Tooting—Earl's-Court.] Two villages within a few miles of London.

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought; 100
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass? 105
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?

*Go, lofty Poet! and in fuch a croud,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd
before?

The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete.
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119

P 3 The

Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit Plerumque, et rifu populum quatit; hic ego rerum Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis, Verba lyrae motura fonum connectere digner? "Frater erat Romae confulti rhetor; ut alter

Alterius fermone meros audiret honores: Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille, Qui minus argutos vexat furor atque poetas? " Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile vifu, Caelatumque

VER. 124. With mobs, and duns, and foldiers, at their doors;] The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill described.

VER. 132. And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.] It is the filly confolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excel, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only outwitted .-The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, Mr. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great French Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countryman, he says, " Il faisoit ressouvenir la " France de ces tems, où les plus austéres Magistrats, confommes comme lui dans l'etude des Loix, se delassoient des " fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la literature. Que ceux qui meprisent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui " mettent je ne sai quelle miserable grandeur à se renfermer " dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à plaindre! ig-" norent ils que CICERON, après avoir rempli la premiere of place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens, " ecrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conferoit avec des Philo-66 sophes; qu'il alloit au Théatre; qu'il daignoit eultiver " l'amitié d'Esopus et de Roscius, et laissoit aux petits esprits, se leur constante gravité, qui n'est que la masque de la mediocrité?"

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;

Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125 Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother Serjeants faw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the
Rolls;

Each had a gravity would make you split, And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.

"Twas, Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your elo"quence,"

"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's fense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

Call

NOTES.

The miserable malice of the human heart, has been always backward to confess that great Parts and great Science were to be found together. The eminent Person, here mentioned, hath long triumphed over so vile a prejudice. Bacon was not so happy. The blemishes in his moral character disabled him from stemming and subduing it. Indeed, Envy was ever unwilling to allow any man to excel in more than one accomplishment. As to the particular application of this

Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum.
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circumspectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.
Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quia, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

Ridentur

NOTES.

wayward judgment, it is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Thus, for instance, when the Public would not allow the great Lawyer, Cooke, to be a Classic Scholar and a Wit too, (though he had given so many delectable specimens of both) they were perhaps in the right. But when they assumed (though they spoke by the Organ of Q. Elizabeth herself) that Bacon, a great Philosopher, was yet no Lawyer, they were certainly in the wrong.

VER. 139. Merlin's Cave, In the Royal Gardens at Richmond. By this it should seem as if the collection of Poetry,

in that place, was not to our Author's Taffe.

VER. 140. But Stephen] Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.—Queen Caroline, who moderated in a Sovereigne between the two great Philosophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the most sublime points in Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy, chose this man for her favourite Poet.

Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine, Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine. Lord! how we ftrut through Merlin's Cave, to fee No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.

" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,

" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145

" And you shall rise up Otway for your pains." Much do I fuffer, much, to keep in peace This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race; And much must flatter, if the whim should bite To court applause by printing what I write: 150 But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

NOTES.

VER. 147. Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;] The best Commentary on these two lines are Mr. Pope's very fine and humane Letters in the Appendix to Mr. Ruffhead's life of the Poet, written to that wrong-headed man, Mr. Aaron Hill. This person, who did not want genius, though his writings were always faced, and even lined through with fustian, did, in the midst of a familiar acquaintance with Mr. Pope, and under obligations to him, in a fit of jealousy for something or other, very seriously abuse him in print. Which he had no sooner done than he repented, and asked pardon: then, repented of his repentance; offended again, and was forgiven; and so went on insulting and repenting of the insult. The truth was, he thought

Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro, Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati. At qui legitimum cupiet secisse poema, Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti: Audebit, quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt, Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna serentur, Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant, Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:

Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque

Proferet

NOTES.

himself a very formidable Rival to our Poet, and so expected the observance and court due to such a one. The several marks of friendship he had received from Mr. Pope went for nothing: For Nature never yet put one grain of generosity or gratitude into the composition of a coxcomb.

VER. 159. not a word they spare—That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, Force and light respect figurative expression; and signify, that it be such as awakes the imagination; and be taken from obvious subjects: for without the first quality, it will want force; without the other, light,

Weight and care respect literal expression; the first marks out the character of the verb; the other of the noun; and fignify, that, in every proposition, the attribute should be

important, and the fubjest precise.

VER. 164. In downright charity revive the dead; This is very happily expressed, and means, that it is the Poet's office to relieve the poverty of the present language with the use-less stores of the past; not out of charity to the dead, but to the living. "The riches of a language" (says a very fine Writer and most judicious Critic) "are actually increased by retaining its old words; and besides, they have often a greater real weight and dignity than those of a more fashionable cast, which succeed to them. This needs no proof to such as are versed in the earlier writings of any

o In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long, 156
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;

Mark

NOTES.

" language."-And again,-" From these testimonies we learn, the extreme value which these great masters of com-" position set upon their old Writers; and as the reason of se the thing justifies their opinions, we may further see the " important use of some late attempts to restore a better " knowledge of our own. Which I observe with pleasure, 44 as the growing prevalency of a different humour, first catched, as it should feem, from our commerce with the " French models, and countenanced by the too scrupulous " delicacy of some good Writers amongst ourselves, had gone " far towards unnerving the nobleft modern language, and of effeminating the public tafte. This was not a little forwarded by what generally makes its appearance at the fame " time, a kind of feminine curiofity in the choice of words; " cautiously avoiding and reprobating all such (which were " not feldom the most expressive) as had been prophaned by a too vulgar use, or had suffered the touch of some accidental taint. This runs us into periphrasis and general " expression; the peculiar bane of every polished language." Mr. Hurd's English Commentary and Notes on the Ars Poetica of Horace, p. 43, 44.

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,

Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,

Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:

Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:

Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,

Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:

Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano

Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:

Ludentis

NOTES.

VER. 167. Command old words that long have flept, to wake,] The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their sepulchres.

Let mugire folum, manesque exire sepulchris."

Horace has not the same force,

" Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum."

NER. 170. For Use will father what's begot by Sense A very fine and happy improvement on the expression, if not on the thought, of his original.

VER. 174. Prune the luxuriant, etc.] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with Walsh, whose candour and judgment he has celebrated in his Essay on Criticism. Walsh encouraged him greatly; and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excel the rest of his countrymen; and that was correctness; in which the English poets had been remarkably desective. For though we have had several great Geniuses, yet not one of them knew how to prune his luxuriancies. This therefore, as he had talents that seemed capable of things worthy to be improved, should be his principal study. Our young Author sollowed his advice,

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 163
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:

NOTES.

vice, till habit made correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of all his poetical exercises: and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he speaks of, in the following lines,

"You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been observed oftener to produce a heavy stiffness; which, by another image, the Ancients called finelling of the lamp. And without doubt, most an end, this will be the consequence, when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it is discharged as a task. But when it becomes, by habit, an exercise of amusement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its sallies, will preserve the life; and the fancy lightening the judgment, will produce the ease here spoken of.

VER. 175. But show no mercy to an empty line: To such, our Poet was always inexorable. Unless once, when in the full blaze of his glory, he chose to facrifice to envy, in that devoted

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

Prae-

NOTES.

devoted and execrable line, in one of the best translated books of the Odyssey,

" Close to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,

" And fluck adberent, and suspended bung."

The tribe of small Wits and Criticks could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse; to which they have ever fince, fluck adherent, and suspended hung. Shakespear afforded the Dunces of his time the same consolation, if we may believe Ben Johnson, by his-Caefar did never wrong but with just cause. But there is a fort of still lower Creatures, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make shift to subsist even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakespear gave orders to the corrector of the press, that all Mr. Pope's notes should be printed in their places. In one of these there was mention made, as they say, of some Italian novels (I forget whose) in which Dec. and Nov. were printed thus contractedly. But the Printers of the late edition lengthened them into December and November; and in this condition they are charged upon the Editor by this Edwards. Now, was the man such a Dunce to make his criticifm with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he fuch a Knaye to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

VER. 176. Then polish all, etc.] M. Voltaire, speaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, says,—"L'art d'être eloquent en vers est de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui sçauront aranger un ouvrage, et le versisser d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter en vrai Poete, c'est un talent qui est donné à trois ou quatre hommes sur la terre."

VER. 177. You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:] The reason is because we are wont to give to nature every thing that is plain, easy, and simple; without resecting, that that artificial ordonance of words and expression, from whence this ease

Then polish all, with so much life and ease, You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:

" But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;

" As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

If

NOTES.

ease arises, is the effect of much study and application. It is true, that study is commonly observed to destroy this very ease, which, we say, arises from it. It may, and will do so in a common Writer, but never in a Genius. The precisely true expression is but one; while the meaning required, may be tolerably conveyed in a hundred. But in such a croud, the search demands labour; and when you have hit upon the true, unless you have taste as well as judgment, you will never know, for certain, that it is the very thing you seek; so you go on till you be tired; and then the first that offers itself is received. Whereas a genius seizes it as soon as found; and never suffers the change to be put upon him, by its counterseit.

VER. 178. But ease in writing, etc.] That species of Writers, which Mr. Pope elsewhere calls

" The mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease,"

understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain Wit says) were easily written; whereas our Poet supposes it to be the last, and hardly attained, persection of a laboured work. But the Gentleman-writing, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls proserun mad, are the two extremes of that persect style, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own writings. As ease was the mode of the last age, which took Suckling for its pattern; so the imitation of Milton has introduced a pompous hardness into the affected writings of the present. Which last character, Quintilian describes very justly, and accounts as well for its success,—"Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui semper quaerit quod nimium est; ve"rum et raro evenit, et caetera viria non pensat." I remember once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope,

Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri. Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant, Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit baud ignobilis Argis, Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos. In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro: Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto More; bonus fane vicinus, amabilis hospes, Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis, Et signo laeso non insanire lagenae: Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem. Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curifque refectus, Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

NOTES.

called Night Thoughts, where the Poet was always on the frain, and labouring for expression, he said pleasantly: This is a strange man: he seems to think with the Apothedaries, that Album Grecum is better than an ordinary stool. He himself was never swelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room.

VER. 184. There liv'd in primo Georgii, etc.] The imitation of this story of the Madman is as much superior to his original in the fine and easy manner of telling, as that of Lucullus's Soldier comes short of it. It is true, the turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the subject of his epiftle, which is Poetry; and doubtless there were other beauties in it, which Time has deprived us of. For it is in Poetry as in Painting, the most delicate touches go first; and, what is worse, they agree in this too, that they are last observed. Sa

If fuch the plague and pains to write by rule, Better (fay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool; 181 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease, It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease. There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record) A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord; Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate, Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate: In all but this, a man of fober life, Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife; Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190 And much too wife to walk into a well. Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd, They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:

Whereat

So that, what between time and ill taste, the greatest beauties are the thortest lived. But we need not wonder that ancient Satirists should feel the effects of this fatal union, when those noble ones of so modern a date as Rablais and Cervantes are so little understood. One of the finest strokes in the latter is in the plan of his famous Romance, which makes a Spanish Gentleman of fifty run mad with reading books of Chivalry. But we see little of its beauty, because we do not know that a disordered imagination is a common malady amongst Spanish Gentlemen in the decline of life. A fact which Thuanus occasionally informs us of, "Mendoza étoit un fort habile " homme, il avoit été employé en de grandes Ambassades-" sur la fin de ses jours il devint surieux, comme d'ordinaire

" les Espagnols." Thuana.

VOL. IV.

Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas, Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

'Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum pueris concedere sudum;

'Ac non verba sequi sidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.

Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

'Si tibi nulla sitim siniret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

"Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba

Proficiente

NOTES.

VER. 218. When golden Angels, etc.] This illustration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by traising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—

My Friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care!

That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,

Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

Well, on the whole, plain Profe must be my

Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

'Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
210
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

'If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,

You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eafe
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?

215
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

"When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil, You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:

2 2

When

Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes.
Viveret ia terris te si quis avarior uno.

* Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere est,

Quaedam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:

Qui te pascit aget, tuus est; et villicus Orbi,

Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,

Te dominum sentit.

Y das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum,
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?

Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi, Entum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

Sed.

NOTES.

VER. 220. When servile Chaplains ery,] Dr. Ken-t.

VER. 229. lov'd fix-pence,] Avarice, and the contempt of it, is well expressed in these words.

When fervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace, 221 Look in that breaft, most dirty D—! be fair, Say, can you find out one such lodger there? Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach, You go to church to hear these Flatt'rers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit, 226 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit, The wisest man might blush, I must agree, If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

"If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230 A Property, that's yours on which you live. Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord: All "Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town, His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235 He bought at thousands, what with better wit You purchase as you want, and bit by bit; Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found? You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

'Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men's
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,

241
Buy ev'ry stick of wood, that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 232. Delightful Abs-court,] A farm over-against Hampton-Court.

Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adsita certis
Limitibus vicina resigit jurgia: tanquam

*Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis
horae,

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte fuprema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, at haeres Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam: Quid vici prosunt, aut borrea? quidve Calabris Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus. Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas, Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

Cur

NOTES.

VER. 248. hang in Fortune's pow'r—Loofe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.

Yet these are Weights, who fondly call their own Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. The Laws of God, as well as of the land, 246 Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.

Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what would'st thou have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there

are, 266

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Q4

Talk

Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
Praeserat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem slammis et serro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE, mortalis in
unum—

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

'Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.

Diftat

NOTES.

VER. 273. All Townshend's Turnips, Lord Townshends Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the savourite subject of his conversation.

VER. 277. fly, like Oglethorpe, Employed in fettling the Colony of Georgia. P.

VER. 280. That God of Nature, etc.] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy; and so giving a much better sense to his Original; and correcting both

"Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face, as foon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and reftless one 270

Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;

The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,

All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's

mines:

Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content, Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament; 275 One driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul, Shall sty, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole: Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r, Who forms the Genius in the natal hour; That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280 Inclines our action, not constrains our will; Various of temper, as of face or frame, Each individual: His great End the same.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.

285
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:

But

NOTES.

both the Naturalism and the Fate of Horace, which are coyertly conveyed in these words,

" Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,

" NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE."

Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sum-

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.

Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego,

utrum

Nave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem,

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:

Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

*Nones avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto
Cum vitio sugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales

NOTES.

VER. 288. But fure no statute] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc.

But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if fordid Want be far away.

295

'What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The Ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that fail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;

I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;

But does no other lord it at this hour,

As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?

Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appal?

Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,

Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?

Survey

Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?

Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?

Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una?

"Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo

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Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

The second second

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire, 312
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end? 316
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one? 321
h Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage: Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326 Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

NOTES.

VER. 312. Survey both worlds, It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would explode; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the salse terrors from the world of spirits; such as the diablerie of witchcrast and purgatory.

生物。这个是是 College as begoner allege for very South bury to be the relief to before, to brief it Datified deal on hit him beared thad of blance, Manage Calling Cardent 18, 1000 and to the melavine, drawn to reach to Sandia a seriou a see a more a trient? Coma entra Tuescola Les entra especial ... winder-train grow and, voilar degaries antibalization and friend was a men in the topo mather you is a part to about a first of the iller mor steen that to be with the month this deplotes the first property of the Togs to the property of the sould be two the state of the first own part of the first of the first of the first own the state of Secretaring of the Manager and Charles a some sales of the last to be pipe and American annual of the series where the left mention, And the first to the west of the total total and the first total to

THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

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Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes Mollius?

^{*} The wit, the vigour, and the honesty of Mr. Pope's Satiric Writings had raised a great clamour against him, as if the Supplement, as he calls it, to the Public Laws, was a violation of morality and society. In answer to this charge he had it in his purpose to shew, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had arraigned Vice publicly, and shewn it in stronger colours, than he had done, whether they found it,

[&]quot; On the Pillory, or near the Throne."

In pursuance of this purpose, our Poet hath admirably versified, as he expresses it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Bishop Hall's likewise. whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and as a mere Academic had not his vein viciated like Donne's, by the fantastic language of Courts, Mr. Pope's purpose was only to correct a little, and smooth the versification. In the first edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Popes's library, we find that long Satire, called the first of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the verification mended for his use. He intitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of Sat. Opt. This writer Hall fell under a severe examiner of his wit and reasoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the long Parliament, having written in defence of Episcopacy, Milton, who first set out an advocate for Presbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to talk. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adverfaries, from the Bishop's theologic writings, he fell upon his Poetry. But a stronger proof of the excellency of these Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the title to the three first Books, which Hall. ridiculously enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRES: on this. for want of better hold, Milton fastens, and sufficiently mumbles.

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THE SATIRES OF DR. DONNE.

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THE manly Wit of Donne, which was the character of his genius, suited best with Satire; and in this he excelled, though he wrote but little; fix short poems being all we find of this fort amongst his writings. Mr. Pope has embellished two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it versifying them, because indeed the lines have nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables. This is the more to be admired, because, as appears by his other poems, and especially from that fine fragment called the Progress of the Saul, his Verse did not want harmony. But, I suppose, he took the sermoni propriora of Horace too seriously; or rather, was content with the character his master gives of Lucilius,

" Emunctae naris durus componere versus."

Having spoken of his Progress of the Soul, let me add, that Poetry scarce ever lost more than by his not pursuing and sinishing that noble design; of which he has only given us the introduction. With regard to his Satires, it is almost as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphrase, in his manner, of the Third, which treats the noblest subject not only of this, but perhaps of any satiric poet. To supply this loss, though in a very small degree, I have here inserted it in the versistication of Dr. Parnell. It will at least serve to shew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the one, and by not being able to reach a single grace of the other.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling Eyes;
To laugh or weep at fins might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever Satire cur'd an old disease,

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Is

242 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. III.

Is not Religion (Heav'n-descended dame) As worthy all our foul's devouteft flame, As Moral Virtue in her early fway, When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day? Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above, As great and strong to vanquish earthly love, As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show, As all rewards their Virtue found below? Alas! Religion proper means prepares, These means are ours, and must its End be theirs? And shall thy Father's spirit meet the sight, Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light, Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed? - 20 Whilft thou, to whom he taught the nearer road, Art ever banish'd from the blest abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find, This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's Vengeance, and thy Monarch's Ire?
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath?
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the Northern pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the sires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?

Or for some Idel of thy Fancy draw	
Some loofe-gown'd dame; O courage made of strav Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appe	
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,	
To thy own foes, to bis, ignobly yield,	
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field? Know thy own foes; th' Apostate Angel, he	40
You strive to please, the foremost of the Three;	
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,	
But can be give for Love, that acts in Hate?))
The World's thy fecond Love, thy fecond Foe,	45
The World, whose beauties perish as they blow,	E
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best	
You grasp a wither'd ftrumpet to your breast.	17.
The Flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,	
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes, While men the fair, the goodly Soul destroy,	50
From whence the flesh has pow'r to taste a joy.	
Seek thou Religion, primitively found-	
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?	
By Faith Implicite blind Ignaro led,	55
Thinks the bright Seraph from bis Country fled,	
And feeks her feat at Rome, because we know	
She there was feen a thousand years ago;	
And loves her Relick rags, as men obey	
The foot-cloth where the Prince fat yesterday.	60
These pageant Forms are whining Obed's scorn,	
Who feeks Religion at Geneva born,	

244 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. III.

A fullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd;
Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud:
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge 65
All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Capio roam,
The man contented takes his Church at home;
Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new Laws, which like new fashions reign, 70
Command his faith to count Salvation ty'd
To visit bis, and visit none beside,
He grants Salvation centers in his own,
And grants it centers but in his alone:
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
To had they confer his Faith, who give his Name:
So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live
Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy slies,

For, all professions can't be good, he cries,

And here a fault, and there another views,

And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse.

So men, who know what some loose girls have done,

For fear of marrying such, will marry none.

The Charms of all, obsequious Courtly strike; 85
On each he doats, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same;
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go:

This

This blindness springs from an excess of light, And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide,

Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,

Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he, who means

To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,

Winds round and round, and ev'ry turn essays

Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.

Yet labour so, that, ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive;
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And Age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay:

115
To work at present is the use of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High Thoughts the Soul, hard deeds the body strain:

R 3

And

246 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. III.

And Mystries ask believing, which to View
Like the fair Sun, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possest,

Not Kings have pow'r to tear it from thy breast;

By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,

Nor are they Vicars, but the Hands of Fate.

Ah! fool and wretch, who let'st thy soul be ty'd 125

To buman Laws! Or must it so be try'd?

Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,

When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,

That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,

Or John or Martin? All may teach amis: 130

For ev'ry contrary in each extreme

This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Would'st thou to Pow'r a proper duty show?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of pow'r to know;
The bounds once past, it holds the name no more, 135
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
But all a low Idolatry at best.

Pow'r from above subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
140
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roar a Torrent or a Flood below;
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on Deserts, Rocks, and Sands, are tost 145
All the long travel, and in Ocean lost;

So

So fares the Soul, which more that Pow'r reveres Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

NOTES.

This noble similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand; or was not able to express it in its original force. Dr. Donne says,

- " As streams are, Pow'r is; those blest flow'rs that dwell
- At the rough streams calm head, thrive, and do well;
 - "But having left their roots, and themselves given
 - "To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are diven
 - "Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
 - " Consum'd in going, in the Sea are lost.
 - " So perish Souls," etc.

Dr. Donne expressly compares power to streams: but the comparison of souls to flowers being only implied, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part; and so has hurt the whole thought, by making the flowers passive; whereas the Original says, they leave their roots, and give themselves to the stream: that is, who fully preser human Authority to divine; and this makes the street of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes.

One (like a veretch, which at have judg vias deads, Yes presents blue which thirds next, and caulto-

Billy not now the following nor their old

as would mad the by traffices, but witch-

(Surving himfeld to live by's labour'd foenes, and

And Myes his lift fives Idio: A Bors means.

So faces the Soul, who is more than Now's strains at

SATIRE II.

Men claims from God, Ann while in God

energy and the state of the sta

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state In all ill things, so excellently best, That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.

Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings Dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead, Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,

And faves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himfelf) to live by's labour'd scenes.
As in some Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:

SATIRE, II.

Registered Mings not not filly benefit to

Yes; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying fin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,

Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give

Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15

So prompts, and faves a rogue who cannot read. Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move, The gilded puppets dance and mount above.

Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One fings the Fair; but fongs no longer move; No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

Rams and flings now are filly battery, Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get, Are they not like fingers at doors for meat? And they who write, because all write, have still That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worft, who beggarly doth chaw Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue, As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true, For if one eat my meat, though it be known The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use, . . . to out-usure Jews, T' out-drink the fea, t' out-fwear the Letanie, Who with fins all kinds as familiar be As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake

Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make; Whose strange fins Canonists could hardly tell In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.

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VER. 38. Irishmen out-fwear.] The Original fays, " out-fwear the Letanie,"

improved by the Imitator into a just stroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used at that sime by the enemies of the English Liturgy; who disliking the frequent invocations in the Letanie, called them the taking God's Name in vain, which is the Scripture periphrasis for fwearing.

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold, And scorn the slesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 26
Those write because all write, and so have still.
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before, His rank digestion makes it wit no more: Sense, past through him, no longer is the same; For food digested takes another name,

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35 Who live like S tt—n, or who die like Chartres, Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir, Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear; Wicked as Pages, who in early years Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make; Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

Leans granoglass say but but and a One,

NOTES.

VER. 44. In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.]
The Original is more humorous;

" In which Commandment's large receit they dwell."

252 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. II.

But these punish themselves. The insolence Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence, Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,

And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)

Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;

But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,

Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws,

Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes

His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,

And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.**

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's foft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.

Then

NOTES.

As if the Ten Commandments were so wide, as to stand ready to receive every thing within them, that either the Law of Nature, or the Gospel, enjoins. A just ridicule on those practical Commentators, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original sense is much more confined; being a short summary of moral duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve temporary ends.

VER. 61. Language, which Boreas—] The Original has here a very fine stroke of Satire,

Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar."
The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun; the rapine with

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox. And brings all natural events to pass, Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50 No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be More pert, more proud, more positive than he. What further could I wish the fop to do, But turn a wit, and scribble verses too; Pierce the foft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55 With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year? Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts, Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widow's hearts:

Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench, And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold More rough than forty Germans when they foold.

Curs'd

with which it was carried on; and the diffoluteness in which the plunder arifing from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men; and disposed some even of the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved for charity, hospitality, and even for the service of religion.

SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. H.

Then fick with Poetry, and possess with Muse Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse

Law practice for mere gain; bold foul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.

Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will
swear,

That only furetythip hath brought them there,
And to every fuitor lye in every thing.
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like affes, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.

Shortly

NOTES.

liked vadratulive a course Cytica and a

a He speaks here of those illiberal Advocates who frequent the Bar for mere gain, without any purpose of promoting or advancing civil justice; the consequence of which, he tells us, is a flavish attendance, together with a degradation of their parts and abilities. So that when they undertake to excuse the bad conduct of their client, they talk as idly, and are heard with the same contempt, as debtors, whose common

Curs'd be the wretch, fo venal and fo vain : Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane. 'Tis fuch a bounty as was never known, 6c If PETER deigns to help you to your own: What thanks, what praife, if Peter but fupplies! And what a folemn face, if he denies! Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear 'Twas only Suretyship that brought them there. 70 His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire, He starves with cold to save them from the fire: For you he walks the streets through rain or dust. For not in Chariots Peter puts his trust: For you he fweats and labours at the laws. Takes God to witness he affects your cause, And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing, Like a King's Favourite-or like a King. These are the talents that adorn them all. From wicked Waters ev'n to godly ** Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, Nor more of Baftardy in heirs to Crowns. In shillings and in pence at first they deal; And steal so little, few perceive they steal;

Till

ic cooks in shering

cant is, that they were undone by Suretyship. The Imitator did not feem to take the fineness of the satire, or he would not have neglected an abuse of this importance, to fall upon fuch paultry things as Peter, and those whom Peter considered (and fo well used) as his patrimony.

SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. II. Shortly (as th' fea) he'll compass all the land, From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand. And fpying heirs melting with Luxury, Satan will not joy at their fins as he: For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe, And barrelling the droppings, and the fnuffe Of wasting candles, which in thirty year, Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear) Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime. In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws Affurances, big as gloss'd civil laws, So huge that men (in our times forwardness) Are Fathers of the Church for writing lefs. These he writes not; nor for these written payes. Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes When Luther was profest, he did defire Short Pater-nosters, saying as a Fryar Each day his Beads; but having left those laws. Adds to Christ's pray'r, the Power and Glory clause) But when he fells or changes land, h' impaires The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out fes beires, As slily as any Commenter goes by Hard words, or fense; or, in Divinity As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.

Where

Till like the Sea, they compais all the land, 85 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover frand: And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights, Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's, Or City-heir in mortgage melts away; Satan himself feels far less joy than they. Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that, Glean on, and gather up the whole estate. Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law, Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw, Large as the fields themselves, and larger far Than civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are; So vast, our new Divines, we must confess, Are Fathers of the Church for writing less. But let them write for you, each rogue impairs The deeds, and dextrously omits, ses heires: 100 No Commentator can more flily pass O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place; Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, When doom'd to fay his beads and Even-fong; But having cast his cowl, and left those laws, Adds to Christ's prayer, the Power and Glory clause.

The

NOTES.

VER. 105. So Luther, etc.] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his VOL. IV. Author's

258 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. II.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls

Carthufian Fasts, and fulfome Bacchanals

Equally I hate. Means bleft. In rich men's

I bid kill some beafts, but no hecatombs;

None

NOTES.

Author's thought. The Lawyer (fays Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instruments, to the bigness of gloss'd civil Laws, when it is to convey property to himfelf, and to fecure his own illgot wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and loose as the hasty postils of a modern Divine. So Luther, while a Monk, and, by his Institution, obliged to fay Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his Pater-noster too long. But when he fet up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater-noster by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the addition was the power and glory clause, was to satirize his ambition; and both together, to infinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally fecularized. ——About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which appears from feveral strokes in these Sa-We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a Catalogue of rare Books, one article of which is entitled, M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicae, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding Dexology in his two Catechisms; which shews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this catalogue (to intimate his fentiments of Reformation)

The lands are bought; but where are to be found

Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?

We see no new-built palaces aspire,

No kitchens emulate the veftal fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore

The good old landlord's hospitable door? Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115 Some beafts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs: That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,

Carthufian fafts, and fulfome Bacchanals: And all mankind might that just Mean observe, In which none e'er could furfeit, none could flarve.

he puts Erasmus and Ruchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only observe, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor, one of the finest passages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor would become, as it did, the subject of many imi-The best of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's. - Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his fermons in the false taste of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his Pfeudo martyr, to prove that Papilts ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his Ecclesiastical Policy, he has approved himself entirely ignorant both of the Origin and End of Civil Government. In the 168th page and elsewhere he holds, that when men congregate to form

260 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. II.

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow Good works as good, but out of fashion now, Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws

Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

NOTES.

the body of Civil Society, then it is, that the foul of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is sent into it immediately from God, just as he fends the foul into the human embryo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 191st page, and elsewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this abfurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and fublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the better part of his life.

VER. 120. Thefe as good works, etc.] Dr. Donne fays,

But (oh) we allow - ---"Good works as good, but out of fashion now."

The popish doctrine of good works was one of those abuses in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. ADMITTAL TO SEMEN

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These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121 But oh! these works are not in fashion now: Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare, Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've faid, I truft, without offence: Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 126 Nor fly Informer watch these words to draw Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

NOTES.

To this the Poet's words fatirically allude. And having throughout this fatire given feveral malignant strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to abuse, he had reason to bespeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

- " But my words none draws "Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws."

VER. 128. Treason, or the Low.] By the Law is here meant the Lawyers.

addition of some of the state of the disortion

dent shi salar ships so went

But of the decreases are no

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My fin Indeed is great, but yet I have been in A Pur-

NOTES.

Well; I may now receive, and die.

won norther mi

which is very indecent language on so ludicrous an occasion.

Ver. 3. 1 die in charity with fool and knave,] Says Mr. Pope. We verily believe he did. But of the cause of his death, not only the Doctors, but other people, differed. His samily suggests, that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended in a dropsy of the breast. The Gentlemen of the Dunciad say, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story: and that we might be able to say, he died like his great namesake, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch, and other grave Writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the Scull of an Ass.

This is a grievous error (fays Aristarchus) it was the hoof of an ass: a much more likely vehicle of mischief.—But this might be pardoned: the thing to be admired is, that the learned Scholiast should pass over the general subject so very slightingly: I mean, literary homicide; a species of murder, which, though attended with every atrocious circumstance of malice, forethought, all human laws, and, what is still stranger, divine Vengeance (whose motions rarely escape our notice) have entirely overlooked. It is only indeed in these last miserable ages of the world that this mischief has become excessive: nothing being now more common than for the Pen

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage, Adieu to all the follies of the age! I die in charity with fool and knave, Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

NOTES.

to perform the office of the Stiletto, and to leave the vanquished Disputant stark dead at the feet of the Conqueror. For though, as Macbeth fays,

" Blood has been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,"

yet no great execution was then done with this instrument, if you except the fate of two or three green girls, by the lambics of Archilogus. Indeed so inexpert in MURDER was the pen of ancient days, that the hurt, when it did any, was recoiling on the heads of the Ufers; witness the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero. But at the revival of learning, when the Pen came out new-ground and sharpened by the Letter-founder, then it was that it acquired this fatal property; a malignity contracted, as should seem, from its too near neighbourhood to new-invented gunpowder, that amiable contemporary of the printing-prefs.

From henceforth we hear of nothing but death and flaughter. Dispute was now no longer a drawn battle; the common issue of old classical combats: It was a Duel à outrance (to speak in the language of the times) where the vanquished refigned his life and his fame together. Nor was disease, or even old age itself, a security or asylum from these barbarous inroads of the Pen. The Academy became, like a field of battle in Homer, ornamented by an incredible variety of deaths.

264 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

A Purgatory, fuch as fear'd Hell is A Recreation, and scant map of this.

My

NOTES.

To be particular in them would require the invention of that great Writer, or, what would be still more useful, the patience of his readers. I shall therefore confine myself to our own Island; where we have no need to fear a scarcity of flaughter. It is observed, by our politer neighbours, that we delight in blood; and have our killing Heroes of every species: no wonder then that our Schools should be full of murders, like our Stage. Who has not heard how Milton flew Salmafius? and how Charles the First, though a King, condescended, with equal arms, to give the death's wound to Henderson? In our own times, Locke slew Bishop Stillingfleet; and fill later, Clarke, without a sufficient reason, dispatched the philosopher Leibnitz. The last, yet not the least considerable of these scenes of slaughter, was the fall of Pope under the conquering hand of Cibber: which truly I regard in no other light than a decisive victory obtained by Profe over Poetry.

I just before took notice of one difference in this species of Murder from all others, that we have not observed it to be pursued either by divine or civil justice: There is yet another, which is, that these Murders walk the town, to use Milton's expression, without even the slender attendance of a Gbost. It is true, that this singularity seems but the consequence of the other; for when neither divine nor civil justice will take notice of the crime, of what use is a Ghost? who has ever been understood as the harbinger to quicken the referentment of the one, and to denounce the coming vengeance of the other. In a word, all these unhappy victims of literary rage, for aught I could ever learn, may be truly said to have given up the Ghost, and to have slept very quietly with

their Fathers.

To this perhaps it may be objected, That it is well known some of them have risen again; and to the infinite vexation of their Murderers. This is not to be denied; but then it is as true, that these were not properly Ghosts, but

I've had my Purgatory here betimes, And paid for all my fatires, all my rhymes. The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames, To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

With

NOTES.

but only what the French call, Revenans. To explain my-felf. Carden, as unsubstantial and as difficult to be laid hold on as a School Subtilty, had been so hacked and mangled by Julius Caefar Scaliger, that he expired under his pen. Julius, in the preface to his next book, had the fingular humanity to weep over the ashes of his slaughter'd enemy, and to curse the fatal stroke which had deprived the world of so incomparable a man. But what was his furprise, when fix years afterwards he heard all Italy resounding with the praises of their returning Hero; who, to prove himself alive, had just published a new piece of Phisosophy. Not Banquo's Ghost,

With twenty mortal murders on his Crown,"

could more affray the bloody-minded Macbeth, than did this appearance of his Rival disorder our victorious Prince of Verona, so unexpectedly pushed again from his stool of Science.

Another instance was nearer home. The learned Bickerstaffe had pronounced the death of Partridge the Almanacmaker; who deceased accordingly: But having been long well with the Stars, he was allowed, and accordingly took the advantage to come back with them, in their annual revolutions; though in no very good humour, as you may well suppose, with his murderer. But it was truly edifying to fee with what temper that rare Scholar bore the feeming impeachment of his art, under all the infults of an incensed Philomath, double dipt both in Styx and Lethe. He anfwered none of his unpolite cavils; but, with great meekness, endeavoured to account philosophically for so odd a phenomenon as the post existence of an Almanac-maker.

The use to be made of all that has been faid is only this: to try at length to civilife Letters, and to cultivate Learning with humanity. Our ideas have lately undergone a great change.

266 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath

Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,

I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,

Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse

Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,

Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny

(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me

As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,

As vain, as witless, and as false, as they

Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came: A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:

Stranger

NOTES.

change. Why then should not our tempers? Formerly every fancy was an article of faith; and every defence bore the air of an Auto de Fé. At present all things are beheld with a philosophic eye. Herefies are now treated as blunders; and Blasphemies as mere barbarities of Speech. Our Genius likewise concurs with our Taste to soften the ferocity of Polemics, to banish the combats à outrance, and to fit us for that gentler kind of skirmish which courteous Knights-errant used to call FER EMOUCÉ.

ARIST.

VER. 7. The Poet's hell, He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd, Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd; 10 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace: I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place: Had no new verses, nor new suit to show; Yet went to Court !- the Dev'l would have it fo. But, as the Fool that in reforming days Would go to Mass in jest (as story says) Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd, Since 'twas no form'd defign of ferving God; So was I punish'd, as if full as proud As prone to ill, as negligent of good, As deep in debt, without a thought to pay, As vain, as idle, and as false, as they Who live at Court, for going once that way! Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there-came A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark, Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:

A verier

VER. 10. Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;] Courtiers have the same pride in admiring, which Poets have in being admired. For VANITY is often as much gratified in paying our Court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

VER. 13. Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;] Infinuating that Court-poetry, like Court-clothes, only comes thither in honour of the Sovereign; and ferves but to supply a day's conversation,

268 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Massacre had sure been stain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Justice sure would

cry,

Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are?

His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho' bare.

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen) Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
Hespeaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw

Me

A verier monster, than on Africk's shore The fun e'er got, or flimy Nilus bore, OrSloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain, Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. The watch would hardly let him pass at noon, At night would fwear him dropt out of the Moon. One, whom the mob, when next we find or make A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, And the wife Justice, flarting from his chair, Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are? Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back, Tho' coarfe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black: The fuit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess, But meer tuff-taffety what now remain'd; So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd! Our fons shall see it leisurely decay, First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45 This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too, And knows what's fit for ev'ry flate to do; Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd, He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd. Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too. The Doctor's Wormwood ftyle, the Hash of tongues A Pedant makes, the ftorm of Gonson's lungs, The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War, And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55

276 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtless whores,
Outslatter savourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's surious Rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist? and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass

By

NOTES.

VER. 73. A period of a mile.] A stadium of Euripides was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, a face of balf a league long; which, because the humour, as well as the

These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil, Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil. A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel fcores, Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores, With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God! What fin of mine could merit fuch a rod? That all the shot of dulness now must be From this thy blunderbus discharg'd on me! 65 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame To crave your fentiment, if -'s your name. What Speech esteem you most? "The King's," faid I. But the best words?-" O, Sir, the Distionary." You miss my aim; I mean the most acute, 76 And perfect Speaker? _ " Onflow, past dispute." But, Sir, of writers? " Swift for closer style, " But Ho**y for a period of a mile." Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass: Good common linguist, and so Panurge was; 75 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough) Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:

NOTES.

the measure of the expression, was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that fober rule of Quintilian, licet omnis hyperbole sit ultra fidem, non tamen debet esse ultra MODUM.

SCRIBL.

272 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

By travail. Then, as if he would have fold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and fuch wonders told,
That I was fain to fay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's Bricklayers, fure the Tower had ftood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lutestring squeaks,
O Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster, Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs, And for his price, doth with whoever comes Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk, From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

Your

NOTES.

VER. 78. Yet these were all poor Gentlemen!] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Donne makes his threadbare Traveller content himself under his poverty, with the reflection, that even Panurge himself (the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais) went a-begging. There is infinite wit in this passage of Donne, yet very licentious, in coupling the Apostles and Panurge in this bustoon manner.

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely shown, He came by fure transition to his own: Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able, Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel; For had they found a linguist half so good, 85 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

" Obliging Sir! for Courts you fure were made:

" Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?

" Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,

" The King would fmile on you-at least the " Queen."

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers fo cajol us— But Tully has it, Nunquam minus folus: And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say No lessons now are taught the Spartan way: Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd, Few are the Converts Arctine has made; 95 And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear, None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes, Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies; " Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things " To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!" Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs! faid I, He dwells amidst the royal Family;

He VOL. IV.

274 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.
Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes
meet

Kings only: The way to it is Kings-street.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique,
coarse,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) sound,
Crossing hurt me. To sit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houshold trash: He knows, he knows
When

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk, Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead, What few can of the living, Ease and Bread. " Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! strangely low,

"And coarfe of phrase, your English all are so. "How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye

mean?

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. " Oh! Sir, politely fo! nay, let me die, "Your only wearing is your Paduafoy." Not, Sir, my only, I have better still, And this you fee is but my dishabille-Wild to get loofe, his Patience I provoke, Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke. But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more, And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore; So when you plague a fool, 'tis ftill the curse, 120 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile At all my peevishness, and turns his style. He asks, "What News?" I tell him of new Plays, New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125 He hears, and as a Still with simples in it Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute, Loth to enrich me with too quick replies, By little, and by little, drops his lies. [shows, Mere houshold trash! of birthnights, balls, and More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows.

When

When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what

A fubtle Statesman may gather of that;

He knows who loves whom; and who by poifon Hafts to an Offices reversion;

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes, Who loveth whores

He knows who hath fold his land, and now doth beg

A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-Shells to transport;

At fpan-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay Toll to some Courtier; and wifer than all us, He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus

He

NOTES.

VER. 144. Why Turnpikes] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his Original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions, is

" A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-

" Shells to transport;"

by this, he means Monopolies, the most unpopular abuse of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent mask. And one of their Antimasks was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus describes: "In this "Antimasque of Projectors" (says he) "came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fift, describing a Projector who begged a patent of Monocompany to the same of the same of the same of the carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that

When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what

A fubtle Minister may make of that:

Who fins with whom: who got his Penfion rug,

Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug:

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,

And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:

Who having loft his credit, pawn'd his rent,

Is therefore fit to have a Government:

Who in the fecret, deals in Stocks fecure,

And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:

Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,

And gets an Act of Parliament to rob;

Why Turnpikes rife, and now no Cit nor Clown

Can gratis fee the country, or the town:

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,

But some excising Courtier will have toll.

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He

NOTES.

invention, etc. Several other Projectors were in like man-" ner personated in this Antimasque; and it pleased the

[&]quot; spectators the more, because by it an information was co-

[&]quot; vertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness

of these projects against the Law; and the Attorney Nov, " who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in

[&]quot; this Antimasque of the Projectors." This exorbitancy became so general, that Ben Johnson makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another.

278 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

He with home meats cloves me. I belch, fpue, fpit, Look pale and fickly, like a Patient, yet He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook, To fay Gallo-Belgicus without book, Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens. Like a big wife, at fight of loathed meat, Ready to travail: fo I figh, and sweat To hear this ' Makaron talk: in vain, for yet, Either my humour, or his own to fit, He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man. He names the price of ev'ry office paid; He faith our wars thrive ill because delaid: That offices are intail'd, and that there are Perpetuities of them, lasting as far As the last day; and that great Officers Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more

NOTES.

Whom we call an As, the Italians style Maccheroni.

VER. 151. What Lady's face, etc.] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

"And wifer than all us,

the Reader expects it will conclude,—what Lady is painted. No, just the contrary,

fatirically infinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodpefs of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there

He tells what strumpet places fells for life, What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife: And last (which proves him wifer still than all) What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, fick, and fore, I puke, I nauseate, -yet he thrusts in more: Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part, And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart. Like a big wife at fight of loathsome meat 156 Ready to cast, I yawn, I figh, and sweat. Then as a licens'd fpy, whom nothing can Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man; Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160 In fure fuccession to the day of doom: He names the price for ev'ry office paid, And fays our wars thrive ill, because delay'd: Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court, That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165 thon mid and many in Not

NOTES.

President of my Crown; feature

there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the odiousness of painting; in which case, the terms of a painted wall had given force to the expression; but upon the frequency of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. As one of Woodward's patients, Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.

280 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat.IV

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then Becoming Traytor, and methought I faw One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw, To fuck me in for hearing him: I found That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow found By giving others their fores, I might grow Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show. All figns of loathing; but fince I am in, I must pay mine and my forefathers sin To the last farthing. Therefore to my power Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing, [lingly. And fays, Sir, can you spare me-? I faid, Wil-Nay, Sir, can you spare meacrown? Thankfully I Gave it, as ranfom; but as fidlers, still, Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he With his long complimented thanks vex me. But he is gone, thanks to his needy want, And the Prerogative of my Crown; fcant His thanks were ended, when I (which did fee All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)

Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one. Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness

My piteous soul began the wretchedness

Of

Not more amazement feiz'd on Circe's guests, To fee themselves fall endlong into beafts, Than mine, to find a fubject flay'd and wife Already half turn'd traytor by furprize. I felt th' infection flide from him to me, As in the pox, some give it to get free; And quick to swallow me, methought I faw One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. To him he flies, and bows, and bows again, Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train. Not Fannius' self more impudently near, When half his nose is in his Prince's ear. I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he, Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, fome God! oh quickly bear me hence To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense:

NOTES.

VER. 167. fall endlong] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the found, but in the fense of these two words.

VER. 184. Bear me, These four lines are wonderfully fublime. His impatience in this region of vice, is like that of Virgil in the region of heat. They both call out, as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

" O qui me gelidis-"

[&]quot; Oh quickly bear me hence-"

282 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat.IV. Of fuitors at court to mourn, and a trance Like his, who dreamt he faw hell, did advance It felf o'er me: fuch men as he faw there I faw at court, and worse and more. Low fear Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then, Shall I, none's flave, of highborn or rais'd men Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility? No, no, thou which fince yesterday hast been, Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen, O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity, Such as fwells the bladder of our court? I-Think he which made your Waxen garden, and Transported it from Italy, to stand With us at London, flouts our Courtiers: for Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor Tast have in them, ours are; and natural Some of the stocks are: their fruits bastard all.

Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the mues, Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews

Had

NOTES.

• A show of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First. P.

fi. e. of wood.

VER. 188. There fober thought] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

VER. 194. Base Fear] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.

VER. 206. Court in wax!] A famous show of the Court of France, in Waxwork. P.

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings, And the free foul looks down to pity Kings! There fober thought purfu'd th' amufing theme. Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream. A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, And fore'd ev'n me to fee the damn'd at Court. Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state, Beheld fuch scenes of envy, fin, and hate. Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free: Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 105 Shall I, the Terror of this finful town, Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown? Who cannot flatter, and detest who can, Tremble before a noble Serving-man? O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200 For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility? Thou, who fince yesterday hast roll'd o'er all The bufy, idle blockheads of the ball, Haft thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort, Than fuch as fwell this bladder of a court? 205 Now pox on those who shew a Court in wax! It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs: Such painted puppets! fuch varnish'd a race Of hollow gewgaws, only drefs and face! Such waxen nofes, flately flaring things-No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore, NOTES.

VER. 213. At Fig's, at White's,] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the

284 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV. Had all the morning held, now the fecond Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found In the Presence, and I (God pardon me) As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be Their fields they fold to buy them. For a king Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring Them next week to the theatre to fell. Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books. Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel) The men board them; and praise (as they think) Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought. [thought Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns ', I This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy, And women buy all red which scarlets dye. He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net: She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set ". Would young Nobility received instruction in those days: It was also

young Nobility received inftruction in those days: It was also customary for the Nobility and Gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

P.

di. e. Arrive to worship and magistracy. The reason he gives is, that those who have wit are forced to sell their stock, instead of trading with it. This thought, though not amiss, our Poet has not paraphrased. It is obscurely expressed, and possibly it escaped him.

THE WAY

e i. e. Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are

Pay their last duty to the Court, and come All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215 In hues as gay, and odours as divine, As the fair fields they fold to look fo fine. "That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears; 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's. Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools. And why not players ftrut in courtiers clothes? For these are actors too, as well as those: Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest, And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for fight, and effenc'd for the fmell, Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l, Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes So weak a veffel, and fo rich a prize! Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, He boarding her, she striking sail to him: "DearCountes! you have charms all hearts to hit!" And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!" Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought, For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

month supply that will plague then

borrowed; she suspects, that, when, in the common cant of flatterers, he calls her beauty lime-twigs, and her bair, a net to catch lovers, he means to infinuate that her colours are coarfely laid on, and her borrowed hair loofely woven.

VER. 220. our stage give rules,] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain.

286 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV. Would not Heraclitus laugh to fee Macrine From hat to shoe, himself at door refine. As if the Presence were a Mosque: and lift His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift. Making them confess not only mortal Great stains and holes in them, but venial Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate: And then by Durer's rules survey the state Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs. So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry Perfect as Circles', with fuch nicety As a young Preacher at his first time goes To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes Him not fo much as good-will, he arrefts, And unto her protests, protests, protests, So much as at Rome would ferve to have thrown Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition; And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away For faying our Lady's Pfalter. But 'tis fit That they each other plague, they merit it. But here comes Glorious that will plague them both.

Who in the other extreme only doth

Call

NOTES.

Because all the lines drawn from the center to the cir-

'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen, To fee those anticks, Fopling and Courtin: The Presence seems, with things so richly odd, The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pagod. See them furvey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools! Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw Those venial fins, an atom, or a straw; But oh! what terrors must distract the foul Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; Or should one pound of powder less bespread Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head. Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair, They march, to prate their hour before the Fair. So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose, 251 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim, Neatness itself impertinent in him. Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest: Prodigious! how the things protest, protest: 255 Peace, fools, or Gonfon will for Papifts feize you, If once he catch you at your Fefu! Fefu! Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,

Just as one Beauty mortifies another. But here's the Captain that will plague them both, Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:

The

NOTES.

VER. 240. Durer's rules,] Albert Durer.

288 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Call a rough carelesness, good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his sace be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo As men from gaols to execution go, Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung With the feven deadly fins?) being among Those Askaparts s, men big enough to throw Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine. I thook like a spied Spie-Preachers which are Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare, Drown the fins of this place, but as for me Which am but a fcant brook, enough shall be To wash the stains away: Although I yet (With Maccabees modesty) the known merit Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall, I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door: 265
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so As men from Jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits fo weak as mine: Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine! From fuch alone the Great rebukes endure, Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure: 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285 Howe'er what's now Apocrypha, my Wit, In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

NOTES.

VER. 274. For, hung with deadly fins, The room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly fins. P. VOL. IV.

AND THE PARTY OF T Old Capage is the St. Sec. and drawing section 180 the first tender to be sailed timber on tent The second thems with the second second 1. ng with the proposition of the sold state of the the state of the state of the last of the last. Habit alia accessor at a service The state of the s by the parameter of property of the contract The transfer of John State of State of the State of the State of S the many the secretary and the secretary and the secretary the second of the second second seconds. (Astrice) on the Development of the First The Mean will be the state of t the state of the second for the state of the state of the second the property by the ways and the second The Manual Control of the State Continue service of the world of the design of the design of Transport of the second desired to the secon A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY. the place of the second second to the second (1994) Marie Harris Committee Bus Consultation of The state of the s Lines with each and and many and in some shall a The state of the s

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES. INTWODIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

EPILOGUES.
TO THE SATIRES.
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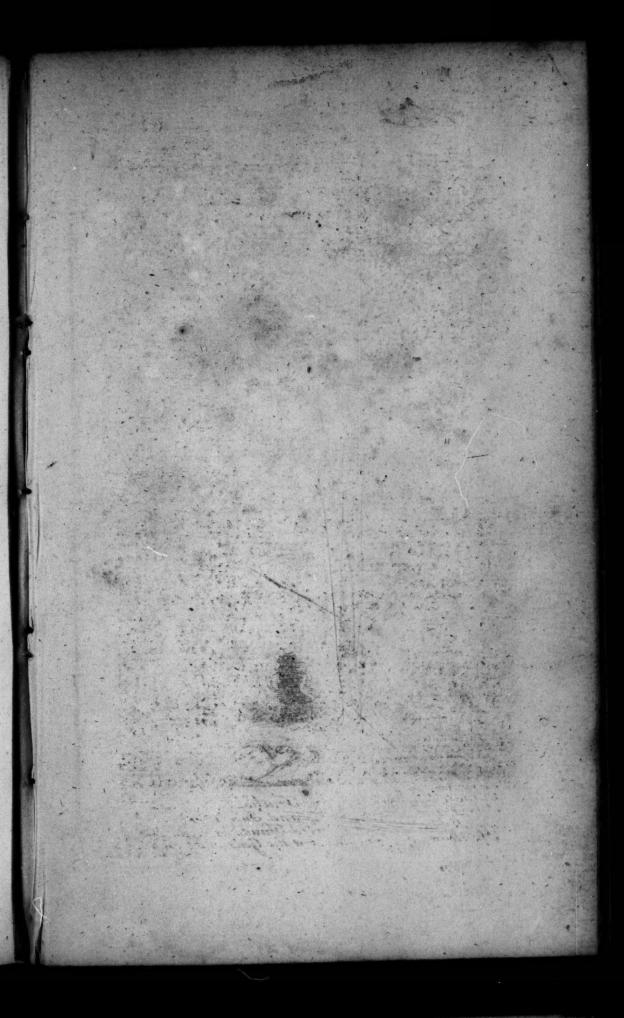


Plate XVIII.

Vel. IV. Sacing p. 493.



O Lawred Wapon, left for Truth's Defence, -Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolonce! -To all but Heaven-directed Hands denied, -The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

Diel. I.

a por sall frob and

O THE SATI

ITTEN IN M DCCXXXVIII

DIALOGUE L

or twice a twelvemonth you appear in

And when it comes, the Court fee nothing in't.

Loy P. W. while are

VARIATIONS

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

Egra to Shating

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade, Because you think your reputation made: Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said, That when his name was up he lay a-bed. Come, come, refresh us with a livelier fong, Or, like St. Paul, you'll lie a bed too long.

VER. 1. Not twice a twelvementh, etc.] Thefe two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are fo in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Cenfurer,

"Tis all from Horace," etc.

VER. 2. the Court fee nothing in't.] He chofe this expression for the lake of its elegant and fatiric ambiguity. - His writings abound in them, there was stal man The set of the first his first male mand guide

You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ, And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.

Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
"Tory;"

And taught his Romans, in much better metre, "To laugh at Fools who put their truft in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11

Bubo observes, he lash'd no fort of Vice:

Horace

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 8.] Alluding to—Lucanus an Appulus anceps. /
VER. 9, 10. And taught his Romans in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."]

The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
"Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin."

But the irony in the first line, and the satirical equivoque in the second, mark them for his own. His making the Objector say, that Horace excelled him in writing verse, is pleasant. And the ambiguity of putting their trust in Peter, insinuates that Horace and He had frequently laughed at that specific folly arising from indolence; which still disposes men to intrust both their spiritual and temporal concerns to the absolute disposal of any sanctified or unsanctified Cheat, bearing the name of Peter.

VER. 12. Bubo observes,] Some guilty person, very fond of making such an observation. P.

Horace would fay, Sir Billy ferv'd the Crown, Blunt could do Bus'ness, H-ggins knew the Town; In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex, In rev'rend Bishops note some small Neglects, And own, the Spaniard did a waggish thing, Who cropt our Ears, and fent them to the King. His fly, polite, infinuating flyle Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile: An artful Manager, that crept between His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen. But 'faith your very Friends will foon be fore; Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more-And

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honest Tacitus once talk'd as big, But is he now an independant Whig?

Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

VER. 14. H-ggins] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 18. Who crops our Ears,] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to P. the King his master.

VER. 22. Screen.]

"Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

" Tangit, et admissus circum praecordia ludit. Pers. P.

Ibid. Screen.] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.

VER. 24. Patriots there are, etc.] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though fome of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25 The Great man never offer'd you a groat. Go fee Sir ROBERT-

P. See Sir ROBERT! -hum-And never laugh—for all my life to come? Seen him I have, but in his happier hour Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30 at Louis, and mile Audystus

NOTES.

VER. 26. The Great Man A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister.

VER. 29. Seen him I have, etc. | This, and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all octasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his folicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and folicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the defired effect. . A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Priest's behalf: He acquainted the Minister with the grounds of his folicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s fake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt must needs be discharged junt al the on a terminal either

Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

36
F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;

A Horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;

A

worthy Youth & Trong to in a range

either here or in purgatory. The Minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility.

VER. 31. Seen him, uncumber'd] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions.

P.

VER. 34. what he thinks mankind.] This request appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the principle it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a sew of Rochesoucault's maxims, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. Why yes: with Scripture, etc.] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of a transitory name. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher

A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd Old Whig Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40 A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,

Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage: These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still, And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man so near 45 "His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his " ear ?"

Why, answer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage: But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base, You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.

Sejanus,

foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion, "Une ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre " ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

Ibid. Wby yes: with Scripture fill you may be free; Thus the Man, commonly called Mother Ofborne (who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Coffee-house Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

VER. 39. A Joke on Jekyl,] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem.

VER. 43 Thefe nothing burts ;] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. Why answer, Lyttelton,] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings, and speeches in the spirit of liberty.

Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY, But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are fore,

55

So much the better, you may laugh the

To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen.
60
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65
Come Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!

The

NOTES.

VER. 51. Sejanus, Wolfey.] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137.

Ibid. Fleury, Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

VER. 66. Henley-Ofborn, See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue, The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y-ng! The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence, And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense. That first was H-vy's, F-'s next, and then 71 The S-te's, and then H-vy's once agen.

O come

VER. 69. The gracious Dew Alludes to some Court fermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.

Ibid. The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of Pulpit Eloquence. This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occasions, but slight and superficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this master-stroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Master Doctor Thomas Playsere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his Spital sermon preached in the year 1595, layeth open the whole Mystery. " The voice of a Preacher (saith he, himselse a of powerful Preacher) ought to be the voice of a Crier, which should not pipe to make the People dance, but " mourne to make them weep. Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemishe in his eye, might serve at the Aulter; because for that impediment in his eye he could not well shew his inwarde forrowing by " his outward weeping. And when they offered up their " first-borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Prieste, or their Preacher, they offered also with him a paire of of turtle doves or two young pigeons. That paire of tur-" the-doves did fignify a paire of mournfull eyes: those two vounge

O come, that eafy, Ciceronian flyle, So Latin, yet fo English all the while, As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand! Then might I fing, without the least offence, And all I fung should be the Nation's Sense; Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn, Hang the fad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80 bnAMerit will by turns forfake theil all:

Would you know wis a Tor ally when they fall.

" younge pigeons did fignifie likewise two weeping eyes : And-" at that offering they prayed for their first-borne, that af-" terwards he might have such eyes himselfe. For indeed, 45 as Austin witnesseth, THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE " with fighing than with speaking, with weeping than with words. Plus gemitibus quam fermonibus, plus fletu quam f' affatu." SCRIBL.

VER. 76. All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!] e. e. full of school-book phrases and Anglicisms.

VER. 78. Nation's Sense; The cant of Politics at that

VER. 80. Carolina] Queen confort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indifcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great personage may be feen by one of his Letters to Mr. Allen, written at that time; in which, amongst others, equally respectful, are the following words; "The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her if last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All Parts perform'd, and all her Children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I.—

And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85 Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place, You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:

For Merit will by turns for sake them all;

Would you know when? exactly when they fall.

But let all Satire in all Changes spare

91

Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.

Silent

NOTES.

but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears."

Ver. 84. No Gazetteer more innocent than I.] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his business is to write the Government's newspaper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steel for some time had this post; and he describes the condition of it very well, in the Apology for himself and his writings: "My next apmearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest Minister of State, to wit, in the office of Gazetteer; where I worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all Ministers, to keep that pamer very innocent and very inspired. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People say, which I do not deserve."

VER. 92. Immortal S-k, and grave De-re.] A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber

Silent and foft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diffolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing
95
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,

Lull'd with the fweet Nepenthe of a Court;

There,

NOTES.

ber to King William; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. This Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

P.

VER. 97. There, where no Passion, etc.] The excellent writer De l'Esprit des Loix gives the following character of the Spirit of Courts, and the Principle of Monarchies: "Qu'on life ce que les Historiens de tous les tems on dit sur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des hommes de tous les Pais sur le miserable caractère des " COURTISANS; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation, " mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oisiveté, la baffeffe dans l'orgueil, le defir de s'enrichir fans travail, "l'aversion pour la vérité; la flaterie, la trahison, la persi-" die, l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mepris des " devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, " l'esperance de ses soiblesses, et plus, que tous cela, LE " RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, font, " je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué " dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très " mal-aisé que les principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtesce gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-" la soient trompeurs, & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que 46 dupes. Que si dans le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheu-" reux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans fon "Testament politique infinue, qu'un Monarque doit se garder " de s'en servir. Tant il est vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le " ressort de ce Gouvernment."

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's difgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their

But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory, 105

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be
vext.

Confid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.

Have I, in filent wonder, feen fuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110

And at a Peer, or Peeress, shall I fret,

Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;

But shall the Dignity of Vice be lost?

Ye

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in fome editions,

Who starves a Mother—

NOTES.

VER. 108. gracious Prince] The style of addresses on an Accession.

VER. 113. Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast; A fatirical ambiguity—either that those starve who have it, or that

Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, i 15 Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke? A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie, Be brib'd as often, and as often lie? Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's

Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things) To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like

Kings?

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man, And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

But

NOTES.

that those who boast of it, have it not: and both together (he infinuates) make up the present state of modern virtue.

VER. 115. Cibber's Son,—Rich] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 123. If Blount] Author of an impious foolish book called the Oracles of Reason, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 124. Passeran!] Author of another book of the fame stamp, called A philosophical Discourse on Death, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet seared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted Gamester, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill-luck, came one morning early into the Philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand Vol. IV.

Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin, 130
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel

Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

A

NOTES.

raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on prefenting him with one of his pistols, " that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an useless member in society, and so was resolved to quit his station; and that as to him, his guide, philosopher, and friend, surrounded with miferies, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that Chance which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company." All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his relief.—This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VER. 125. But shall a Printer, etc.] A fact that happened in London, a few years past. The unhappy man lest behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these Authors.

VER. 129. This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,] Alluding to the Forms of Prayer, composed in the times of public calamity and distress; where the fault is generally laid upon the People.

VER. 130. Gin.] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People, till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. Let modest FOSTER, This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That there be very few A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landasse in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble Allen, with an aukward Shame, 135
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

Virtue

NOTES.

few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do. Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIBL.

VER. 134. Landaffe] A poor Bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.

VER. 135. Let humble ALLEN, -] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. Allen, writes thus—" I am going to insert, in the body of my works, my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public, to correct myself on such occasions; and fometimes the merits of particular men, whose names "I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you " more than I certainly knew before, till I had made expe-" riment of it, I mean Humility. I must therefore, in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of low-born, to humble. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell every body, this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's " request for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it," etc. Twit. Nov. 2.

VER. ib. - with aukward Shame,

Do good by stealth—] The exquisite sense, the elegance of phrase, and exactness of expression, are all here very remarkable. We are so much governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men (who are ever modest) a kind of dissidence, which is the parent of Shame. But when to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, we follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with shame, produces that amiable aukwardness in going out of the fashion, which the Poet here celebrates.

VER. 136.—and blush to find it Fame.] He is represented as blushing at the degeneracy of his times, which, at best, gave his

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree, 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;

Dwell

NOTES.

his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done by flealth, but more openly.

VER. 137. Virtue may chuse the high or Low Degree,] This line, and those which precede and follow it, contain an ironical neglect of Virtue, and ironical concern and care for Vice; therefore the Poet's elegant correctness required, that his language, in the first case, should have the appearance of negligence and censure: and this is admirably sustained in the expression,

Let bumble Allen," etc.

But the beauty of this not being understood, the lines have been publicly censured for an ungenerous backwardness in doing justice to a man whom our Poet truly believed to be one of the greatest characters in private life that ever was, and known by him to be in fact, all and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of the Man of Ross. One who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious capacity, is an ornament to human nature.

The true character of our Author's moral pieces, considered as a Supplement to human Laws (the force and dignity of which they have deservedly obtained) is, that his praise is always delicate, and his reproof never unjust. And therefore, the first not reaching the head, and the latter too sensibly touching the heart, of his vulgar Readers, he has been censured for a cold Panegyrist, and a caustic Satirist; whereas he was, indeed, the warmest Friend, and most placable Enemy, that ever lived.

VER. 138. 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me; He gives the reason for it, in the line that presently follows,

" She's still the fame, belov'd, contented thing."

So that the Sense is this, "It is all one to Virtue on whom her influences falls, whether on high or low, because it still produces

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King, She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140 Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth, And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth: But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore; Let Greatness own HER, and she's mean no more,

NOTES.

produces the same effect, their content; and it is all one to me, because it still produces the same effect, my love."

VER. 144. Let Greatness OWN HER, and she's mean no more,] The Poet, in this whole passage, was willing to be understood as alluding to a very extraordinary story told by Procopius, in his Secret History; the sum of which is as follows:

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beafts, which the Green Faction kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the Green and Blue. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Sisters, his place of Master of the Bears was disposed of to a stranger: and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters, in the habit and quality of a flave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance nor play on the flute, the was put into the lowest class of Buffoons, to make diversion for the Rabble; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities the suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became an absolute favourite of the people. After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and diffress: from whence (as it was no wonder) fhe was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came; but after a large circuit through the East, where she worked her way by a free course of prostitution. Justinian was at this time confort in the Empire with his Uncle Justin; and the ma-X 3 nagement" Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts con-

Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;

nagement of affairs entirely in his hands. He no fooner faw Theodora than he fell desperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empress Euphemia, a Barbarian, and unpolite, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, although she rarely denied him any thing, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaifance. But the did not live long: and then nothing but the antient Laws, which forbad a Senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the fun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (fays the Historian) and an encouragement to the most abandoned licence. And now, no sooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phrase) ownED by Greatness, than she, whom not long before it was thought unlucky to meet, and a pollution to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a fingle Magistrate (fays Procopius) that expressed the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single Prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to Court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the very Soldiers were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue. As for the common People, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her buffoonry, and her proflitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as flaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, who shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the blue, and the other the green Faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by fometimes giving up the one to plunder and confication, and fometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See Procop. Ansc. c. ix.-x.

Dial. I. TO THE SATIRES.

311

In golden Chains the willing World she draws, And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws, Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head, And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.

150 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car, Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar, Dragg'd in the Dust! his arms hang idly round, His Flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreignGold, 155 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run, And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son! Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,

That Not to be corrupted is the Shame. In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r, 161 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more! See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves! See, all our Fools afpiring to be Knaves!

The

NOTES.

VER. 148. And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both.

VER. 149. scarlet head, Alluding to the scarlet Whore of the Apocalypse.

VER. 164. See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!] This will always be the case when knavery is in fashion; because fools always dread the being unfashionable.

X 4

312 EPILOGUE, &c. Dial. I.

The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."
170

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain) Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

NOTES.

VER. 165. The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:

—And no wonder, for the Wit of Cheats being the evalion of Justice, and the Courage of a Whore the contempt of Reputation; these emancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon free spirits, fear of punishment, and dread of shame.

MARK THE STRUCTURES IN THE SHAME

Teles and a long the best of an addiented Leine

vers, 149. Kerly head, I Alludier to the hard Wale of

Value 164. See all sur, Pool after to be Knaper 1] This will always be end cafe when two by is in Calhign: before all to fe always dread the boing association.

A Area of the state of the stat

In Soldier, Churcaman, Parris, Man in Power.

Lorona ca si noitida A U poi fy A . W

The unipoled of the nonneurs of books, well

Secretal our Modes begging to be Slaves!

SCRIBL.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN M DCC XXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. " Is all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will fay. P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may; And for that very cause I print to-day. How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line, In rev'rence to the fins of Thirty-nine? Vice with fuch Giant strides comes on amain, Invention strives to be before in vain: Feign what I will, and paint it e'er fo strong, Some rifing Genius fins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash; Ey'n Guthry faves half Newgate by a Dash. 11 Spare Anla

NOTES.

VER. J. Paxton | Late folicitor to the Treasury.

VER. 8. Feign what I will, etc. 7 The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my invention; and then, to prevent a likeness, I aggravate the features. But alas! the growth of vice is so monstrously sudden, that it rises up to a resemblance before I can get from the press.

VER. 11. Ev'n Guthry The Ordinary of Newgate, who saling and to benthi delayer of his publishes Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and fouse on all the kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!
16
Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them,
Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20

I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!

The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what; Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

Must

NOTES.

publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often preuailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

Ver. 13. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice? It is pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning: The dice, though they rhyme to vice, can never stand for it; which his argument requires they should do. For dice are only the instruments of fraud; but the question is not, whether the instrument, but whether the ast committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the person.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES.

Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires,
As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires? 31
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made, You hurt a man that's rifing in the Trade. 35 P. If

NOTES.

VER. 26. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;

Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?]

I have observed, that our Author has invented, and introduced into his writings, a new species of the sublime, by heightening it with wit. There is a species of eloquence in his works (of which these lines are an instance) almost as peculiar to him; which he has produced by employing the simplest and tritest phrases to prevent stiffness; and yet, by a supreme effort of his art, giving them the dignity of the most select. Quintilian was so sensible of the lustre which this throws upon true eloquence, under a masterly direction, and at the same time, of the prejudices against it, from the difficulty of succeeding in it; that he says, Utinam—et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus.

VER. 29, Like Royal Harts, etc.] Alluding to the old Game laws; when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

VER. 31. As beafts of Nature may we bunt the Squires? The expression is rough, like the subject, but without resection: For if beafts of Nature, then not beafts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; Ferae naturae, Things uncivilized, and free. Ferae, as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, Pere, Asinus silvestris. SCRIBL.

VER. 35. You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.] Of all the learned professions, this of Divinity seems least to deserve the approbrious name here given to it; as being that which

eligion, I has private view for public lengths.

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be
spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild; Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40 Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray confider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
46
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still

NOTES.

most encourages a free commerce. What surer mark can we have of a Profession's becoming a TRADE, than when the Professor grows impatient to see a stranger busied in it. Thus a lare learned Judge, in a Supplement to the Pleas of the Crown, called certain Divines, INTERLOPERS, for having given their thoughts upon the Bishops legal rights in Parliament. And in the last age one of the most learned of all the Physical Tribe, the celebrated Dr. Stubbs, called Lord Verulam a QUACK. On the contrary, when a Layman condescends to write of Divinity, of which we have had, of late, several instances, the Churchmen extol his performances to the skies, how mean, or trisling soever.

VER. 39. wretched Wild; Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. P.

VER. 42. For the love of Vice!] We must consider the Poet as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics and Religion, That private vices are public benefits.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES.	317
Still better, Ministers; or if the thing	50
May pinch ev'n there-why lay it on a Ki	ng.
F. Stop! ftop!	

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall? Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all. F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

Who now that obsolete Example fears? Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad, You make men desp'rate if they once are bad: 59 Else might he take to Virtue some years hence—

P. As S-k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S-k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.

When

NOTES.

VER. 51. why lay it on a King.] He is ferious in the foregoing subjects of Satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their Masters.

VER. 55. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:] The line is admirable. The exquifite humour of it, in the unexpected turn, is but it's fecond praife. It finely carries on the argument, and exposes the false rules and measures of Satire, which his Court Friend would inculcate for his practice; that he is to avoid thy proper object of Satire, great offenders, who have escaped public justice; and, in their stead, to seize the little rogues, who have submitted to it.

VER. 57. Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears, Peter had, the

When I confess, there is who feels for Fame, 64
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW
name?

Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful Grove (Where Kent and Nature vye for Pelham's Love) The Scene, the Master, opining to my view, I sit and dream I see my Crags anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert; Secker is decent, Rundel has a Heart;

Manners

NOTES.

the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.

VER. 64 feels for Fame,—And melts to Goodness,] This is a fine compliment; the expression shewing, that fame was but his second passion.

VER. 65. Scarb'row] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.

VER. 66. Ester's peaceful Grove] The house and gardens of Esther in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. Kent and Nature] Means no more than art and nature. And in this confifts the compliment to the Artist.

VER. 71. Secker is decent, These words (like those Ver. 135. of the first Dialogue) are another instance of the malignity of the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied: To be DECENT (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom and virtue. It is the very topic he employs in speaking of a favourite Friend, whose superior virtues he most esteemed and admired.

Manners with Candour are to Benson giv'n, To Berkley, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But Seemen, court his in his Declines

DOWN . ZETTILL NOTES, ONO TRANKOS - SUNT

Noble and young, who strikes the heart

With ev'ry fprightly, ev'ry DECENT part."

Indeed, the word in both places implies every endowment of the heart: As in that celebrated verse of Horace, from whence the expression was taken; and which no one has a better right to apply to himself than this excellent prelate:

Quid verum atque DECENS, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum. So that to be decent is to excel in the moral character.

VER. 73. Berkley, etc.] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good Man, a good Christian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was besides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abused by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life persisting in, the most outrageous whimsey that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impossibility of the real or actual existence of matter, which he supported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and salsehood; expose reason to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticism; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonstration doubtful. To this man may be eminently applied that oracle of the Stagirite, which says, To follow Reason against the Senses, is a sure sign of a bad understanding.

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we should suppose, that all this was only a wanton exercise of wit; how his metaphysics came to get him the character of a great genius, unless from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loss to conceive. His pretended demonstration, on this capital question, being the poorest, lowest, and most miserable of all sophisms, that is, a sophism which begs the question, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly shewn: a few pages of whose reasoning have not only more sense and substance than all the elegant discourses of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the Character of a great Genius. He was truly such: and a time will come, if learning ever revive

But does the Court a worthy man remove?

That instant, I declare, he has my Love: 75

Ishun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;

Thus Sommers once, and Hallifax, were mine.

Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat, I study'd Shrewsbury, the wife and great:

CARLETON'S

NOTES.

amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable Metaphysics, established on the Physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the Wisdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's Poetry was to the Wit of the past.

VER. 74. But does the Court a worthy man remove?] The Poet means, remove him for his worth: for he never efteemed the being in or out as any proof of corruption, or virtue. "I had a glympfe of a letter of yours lately, (fays he to Dr. Swift) by which I find you are, like the vulgar, apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power. Per- haps 'tis a mistake; but, however, there is fomething in it generous." Lett. xvii. Sept. 3, 1726.

Ven. 77. Sommers] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the feals in 1700. The Author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning, and Politeness. P.

Ibid. Hallifax,] A Peer, no less distinguished by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

VER. 79. Shrewsbury, Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Embassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. CARLETON'S calm Sense, and STANHOPE'S noble Flame, 80 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same: How pleafing ATTERBURY's fofter hour! How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r! How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget; While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield, And shake alike the Senate and the Field: Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne, The Master of our Passions, and his own. Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;

And

NOTES.

VER. 80. Carleton] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne.

Ibid. Stanhope] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.

P.

VER. 84. Chestersield] Philip Earl of Chestersield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an example to the Age he lives in, of superior talents, and public virtue.

VER. 88. Wyndham] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a confiderable figure; but fince a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

Vol. IV.

And if yet higher the proud Lift should end Still let me fay! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays; I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise: 95 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory, Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory. I never (to my forrow I declare) Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD

MAY'R. Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave) 100

Have still a fecret Byass to a Knave: To find an honest man I beat about, And love him, court him, praise him, in or out. F. Then why fo few commended?

P. Not fo fierce: Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105 But

NOTES.

VER: 92. And if yet higher, etc.] He was at that time honoured with the efteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

VER. 93. Still let me fay! No Follower, but a Priend.] i. e. Unrelated to their parties, and attached only to their persons.

VER. 99. My Lord May'r.] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and fignal fervices to his Country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.

VER. 102. To find an honest man, etc.] In this search, in which he was very fincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had less penetration, but more passions to gratify.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES.

But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done; Each Mother asks it for her booby Son, Each Widow asks it for the Best of Men, For him she weeps, for him she weds agen. Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd. Enough for half the Greatest of these days, To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise. Are they not rich? what more can they pretend? Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115 What RICHLIEU wanted, Louis scarce could gain, And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command; No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withstand:

To

NOTES.

VER. 116. What Richlieu wanted, etc.] The thing here infinuated is, that the greatest character for Politics, Munificence, or Conquests, when separated from Virtue, would never gain the praises of the true Poet. But munificence approaching nearer to Virtue than either the other two, he says, Louis scarce could gain; while Richlieu and young Ammon went without.

Ibid. Louis scarce could gain,] By this expression finely infinuating, that the great Boileau always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which he gives us an instance in Ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant. To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line;

O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!

—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's

no fin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in:

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out, The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130
And LYTTELTON a dark designing Knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife.

135
But

NOTES.

VER. 120. To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line;] It is in the Aeneid.

" His dantem jura Catonem."

VER. 121. O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!] A pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion.

VER. 129. Spirit of Arnall! Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. P.

VER. 130. Polwarth] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 325

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame? Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name? Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine, Oh All-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine? What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,

When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
146
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
Which

NOTES.

VER. 136. do I blame?—Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?]
The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by a single rule of Rhetoric; which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophist, Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, quaeramus quid Adversarium laedat.

SCRIBL.

Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to you?

Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160
[In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend, 166
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P.Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171
As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The

NOTES.

VER. 160. the Bard A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

VER. 164. The Priest, etc.] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P.

VER. 166. And how did, etc.] This seems to allude to a complaint made Ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue, P.

The bleffed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the House.

180
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unless, good Man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
Without a staring Reason on his brows?
And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?

Ask you what Provocation I have had? The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.

When

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed, Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read,

NOTES.

VER. 185. Japhet-Chartres] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst, P.

When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures. Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours.

Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence. Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense: Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind: And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.

F. You're ftrangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave: 7 So impudent, I own myself no Knave: 206 So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave. Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see Men not afraid of God, afraid of me; Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O facred weapon! left for Truth's defence, Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Infolence!

NOTES.

VER. 204. And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.] From Terence: " Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum fe puto."

VER. 208. Yes, I am proud, etc.] In this ironical exultation the Poet infinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211. Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.] The passions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of Satire.

VER. 212. O facred weapon! left for Truth's defence, etc. To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd-Mr. Henry Home, a Lord of Session, and late writer of a Book intitled Elements of Criticism, replies to this Character To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must
guide:
215

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal, To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall, And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye

NOTES.

of Ridicule as follows, "Ridicule is but a groß pleasure." A People it is true must have emerged out of barbarity before they can have a taste for Ridicule. But it is too rough
an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined. Ridicule is banished from France, and is losing
ground daily in England." Vol. i. p. 138. This Observation
is of so singular a complexion that one can hardly tell whether
it is to be taken in jest or in earnest. By highly polished and
refined he tells us he means delicacy of taste; but as amongst
the polite, delicacy is commonly understood to mean sickliness,
and as, according to this Writer's decision, Ridicule is the best
test of truth, Vol. ii. p. 56. and Truth and Liberty go together; when he talks of Ridicule's being banished France, his
condemnation of this noble touchstone of truth must be altogether ironical. But as, on the other hand, this copious
Writer has composed three large Volumes to substitute Taste
to Common Sense, I should suppose him to be in earnest.

VER. 214. To all but Heav'n-directed hands] "The Citizen (fays Plata, in his fifth book of Laws) who does no injury to any one, without question, merits our esteem. He, who, not content with being barely just himself, opposes the course of injustice, by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, merits our esteem vastly more. The first discharges the duty of a single Citizen: but the other does the office of a body. But he whose zeal stops not here, but proceeds to Assist the Magistrate in punishing, is the most valuable blessing of Society. This is the Perfect citizen, to whom we would adjudge the prize of Virtue."

VER. 219. And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his stall.] The good Eusebius, in his Evangelical Preparation, draws a long parallel

Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

Spin

parallel between the Ox and the Christian Priesthood. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their thrones by the name of stalls. To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten; Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who sumber in their stalls.

VER. 220, etc. Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,

—That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,—Spin all your

Cobwebs] And again, to the same purpose, in the Epistle to

Dr. Arbuthnot,

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

"This painted child of Dirt, that flinks and flings."

These (it has been objected) are Insects not of Nature's creating, but the Poet's, and therefore such compound images are to be condemned. One would think, by this, that mixed qualities troubled the sense, as much as mixed metaphors do the style. But whoever thinks so, is mistaken. The fault of mixed metaphors is, that they call the imagination from image to image, when it is the writer's purpose to fix it upon one. On the contrary, mixed qualities do their office rightly, and inform the understanding of what the Author would infinuate, that the moral insect is a more worthless creature than the physical, as he collects together, in one individual, divers bad or trisling qualities, which Nature had dispersed in many. And when, in sact, we see them so collected; as venom, sophistry, and insidiousness, in a Court-Buttersty, the giving it the bite of the bug, and the web of the spider, makes it a monster indeed, but not of the Poet's creating, but only of his naming.

VER. 220. Ye Infects—The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his Library at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him;

" The

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of
Kings.

225

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,

Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?

—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.

Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel sell?

Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,

"Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
"The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,

The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape."

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from solios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my defire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36.

VER. 222. Cobwebs] Weak and slight fophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the Sun. P.

VER. 225.—Gods of Kings.] When James the first had once bespeeched his Parliament, Bishop Williams Keeper of the Great Seal added—that, after his Majesty's DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM, he would not dare mortale aliquid addere. On which, Wilson the Historian observes—This is not inserted to show the PREGNANCY and GENIUS of the man, but the temper of the times.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause, A Monarch's fword when mad Vain-glory draws, Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar, Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

Not fo, when diadem'd with rays divine, Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from Virtue's Shrine.

Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die. And opes the Temple of Eternity. 235 There, other Trophies deck the truly brave, Than fuch as Anftis casts into the Grave; Far other Stars than * and ** wear, And may descend to Mordington from STAIR: (Such as on Hough's unfully'd Mitreshine, 240 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine) NOTES.

VER. 228. When black Ambition, etc. The case of Gromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

VER. 231. Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "Il a fait un 46 Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement " à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete, " fatale à nos ennemis."

VER. 236. There, other Trophies deck the truly brave, Than such as ANSTIS casts into the Grave;] Shakespear tells us, that the Poet's Creation

" Gives to AIRY NOTHING

" A local HABITATION and a NAME;"

just so, the King's; i. e. a SEAT and a TITLE. VER. 237. Anstis] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

VER. 239. Stair] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiftle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embassador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. Hough and Digby] Dr. John Hough Bithop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an af-

fertor

Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus fings,

And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings; Let Flatt'ry fick'ning fee the Incense rise, Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies: 245 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line, And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of
Law;
249

Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read; Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead, And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine, Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began, And write next winter more Essays on Man. 255

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write Essays on Man.

NOTES.

fertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

VER. ult.] This was the last Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a fort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be fatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY

FRANCESSHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS. W

Y ES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen Descend in all her sober charms;

- " And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
 - " Take at this hand celestial arms;
- Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 - " This golden lance shall guard Defert,
- " And if a Vice dares keep the field,
 - " This fleel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd,

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

Yes, I beheld, &c.] To enter into the spirit of this Address, it is necessary to premise, that the Poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two foregoing poems, the Epilogue to the Satires. On which, with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to diffinguish between

Grave Epiftles bringing Vice to light,

and licentious Libels, he began a third Dialogue, more severe and sublime than the first and second; which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the fky;
And dipt them in the fable Well,
The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

- " What Well? what Weapon? (Flavia cries)
 " A flandish, steel and golden pen!
- "It came from Bertrand's , not the skies;
 "Legave it you to write again.
- "But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
 "You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
- Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
- "You'd write as fmooth again on glass, "And run, on ivory, so glib,
- " As not to stick at fool or ass b,
 - " Nor stop at Flattery or Fib ".

Athenian

NOTES.

to drop the profecution, and he promifed to leave the third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas.

- * A famous toy-shop at Bath.
- The Dunciad.
- The Epifle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

- - "I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
- "Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ";
 - " In Dryden's Virgil fee the print'.
- " Come, if you'll be a quiet foul,
 - " That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies ',
- "I'll lift you in the harmless roll
 - " Of those that fing of these poor eyes."

" Dot Joseph to SETON on you attack

- Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.
 - . When she delivers Aeneas a suit of heavenly armour.
- nor the application to attempt an Epic Poem.—He was then meditating on such a work.

4 NO 50

A als so tool is doil of ide at

on the world has an in causing this of a super had

or flon at Flattery or Fib."

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

To be a discovered to a discovered by a contract of the state of London and the contract of the state of London and the contract of the contra

